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MR. HOOVER'S HAT IS IN THE RING. He chooses to run—in the State of Ohio first, and his platform reads as follows:

> If the greatest trust which can be given by our people should come to me, I should consider it my duty to carry forward the principles of the Republican Party and the great objectives of President Coolidge's policies—all of which have brought to our country such a high degree of happiness, progress, and security.

Reformers and Progressives will please take notice. Mr. Hoover thereby stands for Coolidgeism in Nicaragua and Mexico, indorses the big fleet which threatens war with England, approves Mr. Coolidge's government by, for, and with Big Business. Now, let anybody support Hoover who will, but let no Progressive tell us that this candidate is anything else than a standpatter of the standpatters, who if elected will be a super-efficient Coolidge. Indeed this man *is* a candidate. Here is his letter to the Republican Club in New York on Lincoln's Birthday. Could there be anything more characteristic of the professional vote-getting politician?

> I greatly regret that I shall be unable to attend the Lincoln dinner at the club this year. Lincoln Day is peculiarly appropriate for revival of devotion to the party and its true purposes, and party organization is a fundamental part of our whole machinery of democracy. Obviously it is only through such organization that our people can express their will in government. It is these higher purposes of the party which our Lincoln Day meetings so exemplify.
>
> This day is even more importantly dedicated to the immortal Lincoln that we may revive our memories and ideals from the inspiration of his character and his service. His were the foundations of the Republican Party, and it is our duty to build upon and maintain that structure which has proved itself the only safe guide and administrator of our republic.

And this was the man who in 1920 was in doubt as to whether to run for the Presidency on the Republican or Democratic ticket!

AGAINST MR. HOOVER the familiar favorite-son game is now well under way. Senator Willis, of Ohio, is still seeking to obtain the Ohio delegation in the face of the determined efforts of a group in Cincinnati, headed by the sons of ex-President Taft, to carry the State for Hoover. In Indiana Senator "Jim" Watson, than whom there could scarcely be a more unfit candidate for the Presidency, has thrown his hat into the ring, while Senator Curtis of Kansas is holding the delegation from that State in the hollow of his hand. Washington is full of rumors as to what the White House is or is not going to do. Last week it was current report that the Pennsylvania powers that be, which means Andrew Mellon, had decided to declare against Mr. Hoover. Should that be the case the Hoover candidacy is hopeless. Meanwhile there is a movement on foot to get some Southern delegates for him. As for his relations to the President, it is again announced that he will not retire from the Cabinet "at present." The Senate has recorded itself against a third term for the President, a most desirable gesture for which Senator La Follette is to be thanked, and thus has indicated again how completely Mr. Coolidge has lost control of that body. By every indication the pre-convention campaign is now well under way, with Al Smith getting stronger every day on the Democratic side.

MUCH LIGHT on the kind of progressive and reformer Herbert Hoover now is appears from the names of the men the Secretary of Commerce has chosen to join his board of management for his candidacy. They are John T. Adams, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, and George B. Lockwood, its former Secretary. These are the two men who, at the outset of the oil inquiry, sent one Blair Coan to Montana to frame up a case against Senator Wheeler of that State when the Senator was exposing Attorney General Harry Daugherty, with the result that Senator Wheeler was so unjustly indicted. Adams is an employer whose factory discharges any man who dares to join a union, a thorough reactionary. He is also a bitter foe of the League of Nations and the World Court. Mr. Lockwood is the man who sent out reams of publicity denouncing the inquiries into the oil scandals and asking whether the prisons were to be emptied of their occupants in order to besmirch such good and true and honest Americans as

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Albert Fall, Charles Denby, and Harry Daugherty. Mr. Hoover has changed since, entering the Cabinet of Mr. Harding and consorting with the Ohio gang, he began, by his silence, to approve its stupidities and its crimes.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has done the straightforward and honorable thing in appearing before the Nye Investigating Committee and telling all he knows. His letters to the committee in regard to the recalcitrancy, as a witness, of the chairman of the board of the Standard Oil of Indiana, Colonel Robert W. Stewart, were excellent, and his suggestion that the stockholders of the company take prompt action with a view to considering the resignation of Mr. Stewart entirely praiseworthy. Nobody could have made a better appearance on the witness stand than he did. But we cannot understand the failure of the University of Chicago and the Rockefeller Foundation to call Mr. Stewart to account. On February 2 the president of the company, Edward G. Seubert, in response to a question, declared that the University and the Foundation and a group of the employees of the company whose interests are represented by a trust were among the largest stockholders. We have heard a great deal of late about the moral responsibilities of stockholders and the inability of the average small stockholder to make his wishes felt. But here is a chance for two great philanthropic undertakings, beyond suspicion of littleness or of being guided by unworthy motives, to insist that the officials of the company by whose earnings they profit so greatly tell the truth about the transactions of the Continental Trading Company and cease defying the Senate of the United States and justice itself. They should help to find out just what became of the $3,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds in which the fly-by-night Continental Trading Company dealt. We look to see these organizations act. Meanwhile, the tracing of some of these bonds to the Republican campaign fund to wipe out the Harding deficit is what was expected. The oil deal began the day Harding was nominated, and all the besmirched politicians have not yet been unveiled.

TO THE LIST OF LEGISLATORS who have visited the bituminous coal fields of Pennsylvania one can now add the names of Congressman F. H. La Guardia of New York and Senator Burton K. Wheeler. Like other visitors they have been appalled at the illegal dictatorship in the districts where 100,000 miners have been starving and striking since April. In his telegram to Senator Hiram Johnson, Mr. La Guardia says:

> The brutality of private police of mine owners and utter disregard of law is shocking and amazing. The poor, unhappy, miserable strike-breakers are veritable prisoners; they are not only exploited but are being debauched and depraved by their employers.
>
> A crew of these strike-breakers crazed with hootch were armed with shotguns yesterday and told to shoot into the barracks where the families of the miners are living. They even deliberately shot into the school while it was in session.

It is to be regretted that all this splendid indignation ends only in an appeal for an investigation. We have on record the thorough and intelligent study of the coal situation made in 1922 by the Hammond Commission. The important suggestions submitted by that commission still await Congressional action. Why not proceed to act upon them?

THE BATTLE OF HAVANA continues its courteous course. The Argentines brought up the old Calvo Doctrine, according to which foreigners investing in a country have a right to the same protection as the nationals of that country, but may not lay claim to more. Mexico, Salvador, and Ecuador were in agreement. But Mr. Hughes continues his steady, smiling insistence upon our right to intervene—which, at Havana, is expressed in pious words proclaiming that nations have duties as well as rights. This is supposed to imply that big nations have a right to force small nations to live up to their "duties," as understood by the big. Mr. Hughes, of course, will never agree to the declaration of the Rio jurists that nations must not intervene in the internal affairs of other nations; and if and when a report comes from Havana that the conference has reached agreement it can only be because some verbal genius has found a form of words sufficiently cloudy to permit of divergent interpretations satisfactory to everyone. Meanwhile, the chief of the Argentine delegation has loudly declared that he will sign no convention for the Pan-American Union which does not include expression of a pious hope that the American nations will level any economic barriers which may exist between them. He referred to the American tariff, and Mr. Hughes was opposed to even such a modest expression of aspiration. The tropical countries, of course, do not care a hoot about the American tariff, and Mr. Pueyrredon was left alone. But the tariff is the football of politics in Argentina as in some other countries; Mr. Pueyrredon is a candidate for the Presidency; and perhaps, after all, his words will not have been in vain.

CANADA HAS MOVED into first place in the foreign trade of the United States, displacing the United Kingdom, which must have handled the lion's share of our foreign trade every year since the republic was founded. Now Canada, buying $835,878,090 worth of goods from us in 1927 (as compared with Britain's $840,066,096) and selling us goods to a value of $475,077,348 (compared with Britain's $357,929,937), has taken the lead. Canada's importance is still more striking if considered in proportion to her population—hardly a quarter that of the British Isles. Europe has lost its pre-war preeminence in American commerce. Consistently in the last decade we have imported more from Canada than from any other country in the world. Japan ranks second, and in 1926, when the price of rubber was high, British Malaysia stood third and Great Britain fourth. Cuba takes fifth place, ahead of any European country except England. In 1926, indeed, we imported more from Asia than from all Europe; in 1927, due to the drop in the money value of imports from the rubber countries, Europe forged ahead again. And Europe is still overwhelmingly our chief export market. Latin America, for all its growing market, still takes from us less than a fifth the value of our exports to Europe.

KALEIDOSCOPIC as the surface currents of Chinese politics are, they are easier to follow than the subterranean movements. Chiang Kai-shek has not only emerged from retirement; he has accepted the post of generalissimo of the Nationalist Government at Nanking, and his brother-in-law, the competent T. V. Soong, has taken charge of Nanking's finances. Both men are able and sincerely devoted to

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China, and the Powers seem disposed to give them a measure of recognition. But it was in part at least Chiang's personal ambition which wrecked the promise of civilian government last spring, and it is doubtful whether any one man can bring China out of chaos. The local generals of National affiliations pay Chiang a doubtful loyalty. Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general," is staging another of his perennial comebacks in the Northwest, and he has certainly never been known to be loyal to anyone but himself. Another center of semi-independence is forming again at Hankow, the "Pittsburgh of China," up the Yangtze River. And Canton, where all good revolutions begin, has been through hellfire. A pale pink Nationalist general was ousted by a general considered "red"; and an uprising of local labor and peasant organizations, called "Communist," ousted the "red." For a week Canton was a shambles. Then Lei Fook-lum shelled the city from his island principality, executed some hundreds of "Communists," and restored the pale pink Li Chai-sum. Lei is an ex-bandit who has shown a talent for politics and government, keeping control of the rich island Honam for a decade. In the hinterland of Canton Province the peasant unions seem to be in constant turmoil. This is a movement to be watched. It is erratic, bloody, and tumultuous; but it may mark the development of a significant class revolt against the allied forces of landlordism and militarism.

KWEICHOW IS THE LEAST ACCESSIBLE of Chinese provinces. No railroad touches it; the great rivers take another course. In its remote fastnesses linger tribes which are the remnants of the aboriginal people driven out of the rest of China millenniums ago. And in Kweichow they are building automobile roads! Oliver Todd, an American engineer associated with the China International Famine Relief Commission, tells the story in the *China Weekly Review* (Shanghai). He made a preliminary survey in December, 1926; and the governor said that within a year he would have eight miles of macadamized road outside the capital, and would have graded another 200 miles. Todd took the governor's promises as old China hands take such tuchun's words. But when, in August, 1927, he returned, riding horseback for three weeks over narrow trails, up and down steep slopes with long flights of ancient stone steps, the governor met him eight miles outside the capital at the end of the new macadamized road, in a seven-passenger automobile. There was no road to Kweichow over which that automobile could possibly have been driven. It had come from Canton, a fifty-day journey, in parts—and for days the pieces of that solitary Kweichow automobile had been lugged over the mountains on the backs of human coolies! Incidentally, the governor has ordered sixteen more cars brought over the mountains, for he expects his 200-mile road soon to be completed.

WE PRINT ELSEWHERE in this issue a warm defense of the claims of Anastasia von Tchaikovsky to be the daughter of the last Russian Czar. Whether the almost incredible story of her escape—printed at various times in the daily press—is true or not, we are interested in the record which Mr. Colter presents of her experiences during the eight years since she was fished out of the Landwehr Canal in Berlin. The investigations, the dramatic meetings with members of the Romanoff family, the backfires and attempts at exposure set afoot by interested relatives, the hints of political scandal and financial self-interest behind the treatment of this ill and unhappy young woman combine to make a story of unusual historic and romantic value. If Anastasia is a demented Polish peasant instead of being a Russian Grand Duchess, the interest of the situation is no less. Since we have no fear that a resurrected Romanoff will again ascend the throne of Nicholas in Leningrad, we can approach the controversy without discomfort. We hope that Anastasia's visit to the United States will result in new efforts to determine her identity.

What happens to a goat after it is seven years old?
What kind of umbrella is the King of England carrying when it rains?
What do you call a child who has eaten its mother and father?
It is eight years old.
A wet umbrella.
An orphan.

PERSONS NOT BRIGHT ENOUGH to answer these questions correctly should be classed as mentally deficient. At least that is the opinion of the psychologists who have devised "intelligence" tests for immigrants. The above quibbles, and more like them, such as "What is the difference between a Polish and an American horse?" have been applied—in order, of course, to comply with the limitations set by the quota laws—to Polish-Jews seeking American citizenship. In many other cases applicants for admission to the land of the free have gone down before the absurdities of trick questions. Our attention has just been called to the case of Mrs. Mary Lackwood of Reading, Pennsylvania, who, having married in 1914 a native of Italy, automatically lost her citizenship. Her husband became a citizen by naturalization in 1925; but when the wife recently applied for citizenship, she was turned down because she could not answer the question "What is the name of the highest law in the country?" On such a question nine out of ten intelligent and worthy citizens might fail. The examiners, sadly enough, are permitted to formulate their own questions. It is a pity that the examiners—and other similar officials—are not required to answer such test questions as a qualification for their official positions.

THE NATION RECORDS with great regret the death of William Elliot Griffis in the fulness of years during a winter sojourn in Florida. For many years an authority on things Japanese, Dr. Griffis was during a large portion of that period one of the most valued reviewers and contributors to this journal. The first, if not the only, American to live in the interior of Japan during feudal days, he helped to lay the foundations of the existing Japanese school system. It was by the accident of his becoming a tutor at Rutgers College to the first two Japanese students in America that his interest was drawn to things Japanese. From that time on there was no more ardent friend of Japan in America, and for many years none better informed as to all happenings in that country. Fortunately, it was given to him to return in 1926 to Japan, after an absence of fifty years, and to see for himself the extraordinary progress made by the Mikado's kingdom during that half century. It is hardly necessary to add that nothing in his long life dimmed his admiration and affection for the Japanese people, to whom he was so useful and so valued a missionary.

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The World Talks Peace

PEOPLE are talking peace. Statesmen, churchmen, educators, editors join in a swelling chorus. "War with the United States is unthinkable," says Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister, apparently in reply to Admiral Plunkett's damnable New York speech. Whereupon the British House of Commons cheered. M. Briand, Foreign Minister of France, is ready to outlaw war, and Paul Claudel, the French Ambassador to the United States, boldly declared when signing the Franco-American arbitration treaty, that "'Outlawry of war' is one of those well-coined words which not only have a striking meaning but a working power, one of those words which have a great future because they are cautioned by a glorious past." The German Government has drawn up for a Prague conference its suggestions of methods looking to the abolition of war. Our own Government has declared its readiness to outlaw the submarine and dispatches from London indicate that the British Government favors the suggestion.

The big-navy plan for a moment obscured the peace talk in this country, but the jingo program is not going through without a fight. The Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, president of the Federal Council of Churches; the Rev. William P. Merrill, president of the Church Peace Union; and George W. Wickersham, Attorney General in President Taft's Cabinet, have signed a circular telegram urging the churches to help in rousing the country against the big naval program which, as they say, "seriously jeopardizes" the whole world movement for peace. The National Council of the Episcopal Church calls the pending naval bill a "menace," and Methodists, Congregationalists, Quakers, and others have spoken as bravely. An Emergency Committee on the Big Navy Bill has been formed in Boston, and its letterhead bears the names of the cream of New England. In the South the Richmond *News-Leader* says the bill is "nothing less than an invitation to war." Senator Borah from the West calls it "sheer madness." The voice of peace has not been drowned out; the House Committee will probably rewrite Secretary Wilbur's swollen navy bill.

The Washington Government is plainly awake to the necessity of taking some action looking toward peace. Its submarine suggestion looked in that direction, and the elaborate publicity with which it surrounded the signing of the pitiful little arbitration pact with France indicates that it feels the pulse of the country, and knows that its big-navy program will do it no good unless it takes counteracting steps toward peace. Now, it was well to renew the Root and Bryan arbitration treaties, but the country knows that they have not been strengthened. The new treaty establishes no safeguards of peace which were not in existence before the World War swept down upon an overarmed world.

Article I of the treaty signed with France on February 6 agrees that all disputes, "of whatever nature," shall, if diplomacy and arbitration fail, be submitted for investigation and report to a commission of conciliation. That is the old Bryan treaty, signed with many nations in 1914, and it was and is a good provision. Succeeding articles provide for arbitration, as was done by the Root treaty of 1908, with this difference: that whereas the Root treaty excepted from arbitration questions which "affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the two contracting parties," or which "concern the interests of third parties," the new treaty excepts any question which "is within the domestic jurisdiction of the high contracting parties; involves the interests of third parties; depends upon or involves the maintenance of the traditional attitude of the United States concerning American questions, described as the Monroe Doctrine; depends upon or involves the observance of the obligations of France in accordance with the Covenant of the League of Nations." That is more specific than the language of the 1908 treaty, but if anything it is even more exclusive. "It seems to me," a French Senator said, "that every possible subject of conflict has been carefully omitted."

Unlike the Root treaty, which had to be renewed every five years, the new document has no time limit. Furthermore, a preamble has been added, reciting that France and the United States are

> Determined to prevent so far as in their power lies any interruption in the peaceful relations that have happily existed between the two nations for more than a century;
>
> Desirous of reaffirming their adherence to the policy of submitting to impartial decision all justiciable controversies that may arise between them;
>
> Eager by their example not only to demonstrate their condemnation of war as an instrument of national policy in their mutual relations, but also to hasten the time when the perfection of international arrangements for the pacific settlement of international disputes shall have eliminated forever the possibility of war among any of the Powers of the world.

Those are fine words to put in any treaty. But, unfortunately, they must be looked at in the context of their history. M. Briand wanted to negotiate a treaty definitely and totally outlawing war. Our State Department refused. The words were deported to the preamble, because a preamble, unlike the articles of a treaty, is not legally binding.

Secretary Kellogg's plans and ideas throughout these arbitration negotiations have been uncertain and conflicting. There are intimations that he is at present engaged in the effort, first, to negotiate similar arbitration treaties with the other nations of Europe, and second, to work out some system by which the Great Powers of the world may take joint steps to prevent any war arising anywhere. We do not know the details of this plan, and we may do Secretary Kellogg an injustice, but it smacks to us of the Holy Alliance. We suspect concerts of the Great Powers, and fear that such a system might work rather to prevent small national movements toward freedom than to block the really dangerous belligerence of the big nations.

Yet this talk of peace, small as may be some of the points upon which it is focussed, helps. The first step toward peace is to talk peace, want peace, will peace. More important than the text of any treaty is the spirit in which it is drafted. That is why the attitude of our State Department seems to us a positive menace. That is why the outburst of protest against the navy bill and the widespread uneasiness about our Nicaraguan adventure seem to us genuinely encouraging.

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In the American Air

DIEUDONNÉ COSTES and Joseph Lébrix are with us, and it dawns upon us that all great aviators are not North Americans. These Frenchmen, sea eagles themselves, have flown 23,000 miles without an accident since they left Paris last October. Over the Mediterranean and the Sahara, straight across 2,000 miles of open ocean, above the jungles and the pampas they have flown. They visited the Central American capitals whose names Lindbergh has taught us, and received as royal a welcome. Only Yankee jealousy kept them from Havana. Now they are in our United States, in the same Hispano-Suiza-motored plane which carried them across the South Atlantic, and which before that had hummed its way to Siberia, Egypt, India, and back. Theirs is a marvelous performance; they, like Lindbergh, have helped tie the world together, and we salute them.

We should like to add a word of belated greeting to a group of airmen who have also played their part in knitting the Americas together—the men of the Skadta company which for seven years has maintained an efficient and profitable seaplane service along the Magdalena River in Colombia. Air lines in Europe in America are, directly or indirectly, government subsidized. But P. P. Bauer, the genius of the Skadta company, has made his way without government aid. He had two advantages: Colombia is one of the few countries in the world where mail is not a government monopoly; and Colombia's capital lies 600 miles from the sea, up a river which sometimes runs almost dry. At first Colombia was not air-minded; the losses piled up dangerously; but in 1922, after a drought when river transportation stopped and the air had a natural monopoly, Skadta paid a 3 per cent dividend, and in 1927, despite heavy reinvestments in equipment, the return was 12 per cent. Bauer's twelve-passenger planes make in seven hours, for $200, the journey which by boat takes at least eight days, sometimes more, and costs $150. For a thirty-cent stamp he delivers in a day mail which might take two weeks by ordinary post to reach its destination. Smaller hydroplanes carry mail up the rivers branching off the Magdalena; where there are auto roads, automobiles deliver mail, and where there are no roads Indian runners carry the letters. A branch line now carries mail over the Cordillera to Buenaventura on the Pacific Coast.

Naturally this most efficient private air line in the world hoped for an outlet to world trade. Colombia is isolated. In 1925 Bauer and his associates flew from Colombia to Venezuela and back to Colon in Panama, where they were welcomed by Canal Zone officials; on through Central America, reversing the route traversed by Lindbergh, across to Havana, and north to Palm Beach. A remarkable flight, but Bauer was an Austrian, and the North American press ignored their feat. Bauer came to New York, seeking the aid of American capital; he went to Washington and met the President. But some subtle force prevented the development of his plan for Inter-American Airways. He returned to Colombia, reorganized his company with largely Colombian capital; and last September the Colombian Government asked in his behalf under what conditions the United States would permit Colombian-owned and controlled seaplanes to land in or near Colon. Bauer had given up his plan to link the two continents; he asked only an outlet to world trade and to world commerce routes for his Colombian service.

Even that was not granted, and the cheap opposition of a Yankee air line which, while it has copied Bauer's plans, has not yet worked out its service made itself felt again at the Havana Conference. There Henry P. Fletcher, in the name of the United States, introduced an amendment to the Pan-American aviation convention which would have made it possible to exclude Bauer not only from the Canal Zone itself but even from the whole of Panama. Naturally Colombia protested; and the final form of the convention seems to avoid the effort to clamp a tight Yankee monopoly upon Pan-American aviation. Bauer's seaplanes, which two and a half years ago were welcomed by the officials of the Canal Zone, will not be permitted to touch at Colon; but they will be allowed to land some twenty miles away, and to connect with the canal traffic by gasoline launch. It is petty enough as it stands; but at least the effort of one group of air capitalists to use the cloak of "defense of the canal" to squeeze out a superior rival has not entirely succeeded.

Lindbergh, darting across the North Atlantic, followed the route of Alcock and Brown, but he made the first clean-cut success and earned every bit of his fame; Costés and Lébrix were first to bridge the South Atlantic, and like our own Lone Eagle, have set new records for punctuality and precision in the international air. Bauer, in his more modest field, has laid the foundation of practical commercial flying in South America. There is room enough in the air for all. If the United States can prove superiority in the air, we shall reap the fruits of superiority. Nationalistic jealousies and exclusions are out of place; an open field and an even chance is all we have a right to ask. Panama is destined to be as important to air commerce as it is to sea-borne traffic, and it should be as free.

Can We Get Out of Nicaragua?

WHERE do we stand with regard to Nicaragua? For what are the marines in Nicaragua to die? How can we stop the waste of this expedition, the footless attempt to supervise an election that is none of our business, the wasteful and even criminal effort to protect by the lives of our soldiers an almost negligible amount of American property in a foreign country?

Here are the possibilities.

1. We can withdraw at once. The chief objection is that this would involve an admission that we had made mistakes. That is, perhaps, too much to ask of an Administration that has never, even through Mr. Hoover, Mr. Hughes, or Mr. Coolidge, expressed indignation at the perfidy and corruption in the oil cases. Even if we admit error, it is contended, we have an obligation to Sacasa and the Liberals. His group forfeited their position on our promise to supervise the election. Would we not then have to give back the arms we bought from them—arms purchased from us in the beginning with money lent to Nicaragua by the Guaranty Trust Company? Can they now return us the money paid to them for the bullets and guns? It is difficult, but if we don't get out now the bankers will have to make a new and larger loan, and then matters will be worse still.

2. We can invite Argentina, Brazil, and Chile to join us.

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They speak similar languages; they are intellectually and emotionally kin to this Nicaraguan people. If we do this, of course, we lose some of our dominance over Central and South America. Nevertheless, if they should consent, their sons would die in jungles alongside boys from Western plains, and parallel graves might breed a friendship remote from the silk hats of high commissioners.

3. We can accept the official assertion that we are in only by invitation, and see if we are still wanted. Mr. Kellogg never has admitted that the bankers' loans affect our position even though his Department feels that it possesses a power of supervision and veto over all foreign loans. What if we asked our hosts to reaffirm their invitation previously tendered to us? What does an arbitrator do if he finds one of the parties wants to withdraw? Does he continue to inject himself into the picture? Does he not suggest that some one else might be able to settle the matter more successfully?

4. The country might communicate with Sandino, as *The Nation* has just done through Carleton Beals. Why not ask him what he wants? We are not at war against Nicaragua. Therefore this would not be communicating with an enemy. Congress has the sole power to declare war. The United States is big enough to be generous. Should we not inquire whether Sandino will lay down his arms if we will guarantee to examine publicly the relation of the bankers to our intervention, if we will withdraw after getting the consent of the Diaz and Liberal groups? Perhaps he has other suggestions. We are not bound to do more than listen. Why send to death even a single boy for a cause unknown?

5. Finally, we may continue what we are doing. This means eventually victory by bullets, death, and waste. The spirit will be unchanged. Those 20,000 Nicaraguan members of the Labor Party will hate us more in defeat than during the fray. And what then—if we supervise an election? Will we then leave, realizing that on our withdrawal the defeated party will threaten an auto da fe?

If we cannot settle this problem, if we have to muddle through without plan or philosophy, let us at least apply some minor correctives which might lessen to a slight degree the possibilities of repetition next year in Honduras or Salvador. Even though they mean no great advance, several constructive measures are possible:

1. Legislation could be enacted to prevent a government official acting on behalf of private interests. The United States High Commissioner in Nicaragua is an official of the State Department. That department assures us that he is not an "employee"—only an "official." The purpose of this legislation portends no good. Let us prevent even an American official from acting for more than one master. Our present Commissioner owes allegiance to the United States, he sells his services for $9,000 a year to the bankers, and possibly as a director he might vote on the boards of the railroad and the bank for the stockholder, to wit: the Government of Nicaragua. No good can come from triple allegiances. Our government officials should not be placed in such embarrassing positions.

2. We could provide that all contracts between American individuals or corporations and Central and South American countries be recorded with the State Department? We should have full information at all times as to all loans placed by these Latin countries, whether here or abroad. For their repayment we pledge our lives. Would it not be well for the nation to know how these bankers' contracts read? The Nicaraguan-Guaranty Trust agreement, so far as we know, has not been printed in any North American paper, although it has been published in full south of the Rio Grande and summarized in *The Nation.*

3. Finally, Congress might provide for a Constitution Week. Article I, Section 8, provides that Congress shall have the power to declare war. Is war a word, a myth, or a state of fact? When does bandit-chasing stop and war begin?

Write Your Own

WE do not know what any of the following things mean. We take them all from one section of one issue of one New York Sunday newspaper and we suggest that our readers draw their own deductions and compose their own editorials.

SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND.—A woman who, for thirty years, drank a pint and a half of vinegar a day has died in the Salop Infirmary weighing thirty-eight pounds. Dr. D. A. Urquhart, who attended the woman recently, said she never ate anything without washing it down with vinegar. At one time she weighed 112 pounds, but when the doctor was called she had taken no solid food for five weeks, drinking only vinegar, and weighed thirty-eight pounds.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Chaplain Raymond C. Knox, of Columbia University, announced a bequest of $500,000 from Mrs. John Innes Kane for the study of religion. Dean Hawkes says the $500,000 "will provide opportunity for unprecedented religious activity at the university."

LONDON, ENGLAND.—In a new book Dr. Hwuy Ung, an accomplished Chinese, states that, so far as he has been able to observe, the whole range of English literature contains "neither beautiful examples of filial piety, nor heroic actions, nor wise maxims, but always and everywhere the same story: A man and a woman speak of their great love, and want to die, but they do not die." Dr. Ung adds his opinion that European civilization can never attain perfection so long as the fan is not in universal use. "These soldiers who have no fans, how do they manage to march in good order in this torrid heat? And the orator, how can he give to his words their value without this indispensable auxiliary?"

ONTARIO, CANADA.—During five months of 1927 American tourists bought 54,000 liquor permits in Ontario. These cost $108,000 and it is estimated that they spent at least $400,000 more in exercising the privilege granted them by the permits.

LONDON, ENGLAND.—A London business man learned in astronomy advises his friends to have their hair cut at the time of the new moon. Mushrooms and similar vegetables, he says, grow best when the moon is approaching the full; and it is the same with human hair.

BOREHAM WOOD, ENGLAND.—After this village had been chosen as the sight for motion-picture studios in England it was discovered that "Boreham" is a name unfortunate under the circumstances. The producers wish to change it to "Hollywood," but some of the inhabitants violently object.

We repeat that we have no idea what conclusions concerning our civilization are to be deduced from these items—neither, we are sure, do the editors who printed them—but for those who do not care for editorial writing we have another suggestion. Properly scrambled they would make an excellent scenario for an expressionistic play.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

"I AM," says the man of the modern world, "in a great hurry and whoever wishes to speak to me must do it quickly."

Most gallantly the artist has met this challenge by turning out novels in two volumes and writing plays which begin at five o'clock in the afternoon. As one who is not a business man and, even so, no artist, I qualify as neutral in this battle to extend the deadlines placed upon creative effort. Possibly, my neutrality is subject to challenge. My admiration goes out to Eugene O'Neill, who has made the captains and the kings of industry come early at his bidding. They really never were as busy as they pretended. The haste one sees about him in great cities is largely what the Freudians call defensive mechanism. People whose tasks are trivial or non-existent must bustle about to keep their egos limber.

And yet I must admit that I fear a growing critical misapprehension which tends to translate length into depth. Any novel which breaks the limit of one hundred thousand words is almost certain to command respectful attention, and by writing a trilogy a competent performer has a good chance to get his name numbered with the masters. I myself would not include Galsworthy among the truly great, but it is dangerous to say as much, for the man writes not ordinary books but instead he has composed a saga. And in our own land I feel that it is possible to look at the work of Louis Bromfield without either blinking or bowing, but again, the author has any potential reviewer at a disadvantage since he has announced that his books are "panels for a screen."

Still even a long and heavy book can be thrust aside if only the reader will make an effort. The obligations imposed by the long play are more onerous. Already tragedies have clustered around "Strange Interlude." Along Broadway they tell with bated breath the tale of Horace Liveright and Otto Kahn who saw the play together. The publisher cogitated long about his costume and then decided on a dinner coat since, though he would be slightly out of mode for the first half hour, six would boom before the curtain fell upon the first instalment. But to Mr. Liveright's horror when he met Mr. Kahn at the entrance he found the banker decently attired in a cutaway. In dealings with himself Horace Liveright is humble and he made a mental note of error to be corrected as rapidly as possible. Accordingly, the publisher hurried home during the intermission allowed for dinner and on returning he, too, had yielded to the cutaway convention. Otto Kahn was in the lobby and wore a dinner coat.

But not all the problems imposed by "Strange Interlude" are sartorial. There is, for instance, the gastronomic question. In kindly fashion the Theater Guild has listed nearby lunchrooms and more gaudy cafes, but even so it is not easy to dine well in half an hour. Quite palpably it has been O'Neill's intention to wring the soul, but is it right for him also to unhinge digestion?

Some of the stories told about the long play are possibly a shade fantastic. Without confirmation I am not ready to believe the one concerning the young man who left his grandfather in good health and returned from "Strange Interlude" to find that the old gentleman had passed away from a lingering affliction. And also, it is said, his little sister had grown up and married. One reviewer, with a reputation for truthful speaking, assures me that on his own return his faithful house-dog bit him in the ankle, mistaking him, no doubt, for a stranger.

Since I have not seen "Strange Interlude" I may not speak of it with any show of dogma. At least one concession may not be withheld from Eugene O'Neill. No drama of the day has aroused more bitter controversy. Of halfway opinion there is none at all. The spectator goes away converted or comes home to scoff and mock. Some marriages have been overturned and a large number of ancient friendships dissolved by the resulting arguments, but no playwright can be held accountable for all the ripples which rise upon the water because the rock he threw into the pond was extra large.

Generally speaking, I am against all extra length in writing. I have never seen a two-volume novel which would not be improved by cutting. Granting the high achievement of Dreiser I must still protest that "An American Tragedy" might have been reduced by careful diet. The criticism of H. L. Mencken was pertinent. He advised each of his clients to give the first volume to the local pastor and begin upon the second.

Surely nobody will deny that after-dinner speeches never stop at the point where all but one would be contented. Even anecdotes take on frills and gables by which the original intent of entertainment becomes severely compromised. Singers do one number or more too many. Even the greatest of fiddlers can hardly be restrained from throwing in an encore which might have been dispensed with. All the curtain calls at the opera, after the first six or seven, are lacking in sincerity and excitement. And when the delegates go mad after some nominating speech and proceed into a demonstration they are no more than well-drilled propagandists when the first five minutes have come and gone.

Terseness and accuracy are the slogans known in the city rooms of daily journals, and these qualities, deservedly, are coupled. There is to be sure the danger that one may tell a little less than the truth if he stints himself for space, but give a writer too large a canvas and he cannot resist the temptation to introduce lugs and flourishes which are false as well as needless. It is along toward the end that speeches, novels, and plays break down. The painters manage these things better, for they say that it takes two to do a picture and another to hit him over the head and stun him when he's finished. Perhaps I speak too slavishly about the obligations imposed by time and space. As copyreader on a newspaper I have in my day slashed many sentences to death. Perhaps fine thoughts and even great ones died under my attack. Who knows? Not I. They made no sound but all went peaceably down to extinction. And also I speak as one whose own efforts have been most grievously wounded by the pruning-knife. Much may be said against journalistic departmentalists, but not by me. It is possible for them to grow long-winded, but at least there is a constant check upon prolixity. No one can argue with the bottom of the page. It is the court of last resort.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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With Sandino in Nicaragua

I.

To the Nicaraguan Border

By CARLETON BEALS

By cable from Managua, Nicaragua, February 11

SEVERAL days ago I rode out of the camp of General Augusto C. Sandino, the terrible "bandit" of Nicaragua who is holding the marines at bay. Not a single hair of my blond, Anglo-Saxon head had been injured. On the contrary, I had been shown every possible kindness. I went, free to take any route I might choose, with permission to relate to anybody I encountered any and every thing I had seen and heard. Perhaps my case is unique. I am the first and only American since Sandino began fighting the marines who has been granted an official interview, and I am the first bona fide correspondent of any nationality to talk to him face to face.

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation *to Nicaragua, is the first foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His remarkable story begins in this issue. The second installment, On the Sandino Front, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.*

"Do you still think us bandits?" was his last query as I bade him goodby.

"You are as much a bandit as Mr. Coolidge is a bolshevik," was my reply.

"Tell your people," he returned, "there may be bandits in Nicaragua, but they are not necessarily Nicaraguans."

It was the high hour of a cold night when I galloped in the teeth of an icy wind with three Sandinista officers into the main Sandino camp at San Rafael. It marked the climax of months of effort. It marked the climax of two weeks spent in establishing proper contacts all the way from Mexico City through Guatemala and San Salvador to Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. It marked the climax of more than two weeks of hardship and the danger of being shot or bombed by both sides. Riding horseback from Tegucigalpa halfway across Nicaragua with Sandino troops through the almost impassable mountains of Nueva Segovia, through the jungles of the Coco River basin, occasionally within a few rods of the American lines, I finally reached my goal at San Rafael. There Sandino had been considerate enough to await me before marching south to Matagalpa.

My difficulties were not limited to making contacts and overcoming physical odds. The governments of at least two Central American countries through which I had to pass, because of their Conservative Party complexion and the activities of the accredited American ministers, are bitterly hostile to the Sandino movement. I was first warned of this fact in Mexico by Dr. Leon and Dr. Zepeda, both friendly to the Sandino cause. Dr. Leon, president of the Union of Central and South America and the Antilles (UCSAYA), ex-Minister of Education of Venezuela, and also Dr. Zepeda, Minister to Mexico of the Sacasa Government at the time it was recognized by Calles, gave me letters and credentials for Sandino and for Froylan Turcios, Sandino's representative in Tegucigalpa, and for others. Both advised me to use much caution in dealing with officials in Salvador and Honduras, who would attempt to obstruct my mission.

In Salvador I was warned again by Dr. Jose de Jesus Zamorra, president of the Nicaraguan Autonomist Association, who is also actively pro-Sandino, that my effects might be searched, especially as all of Salvador is under martial law as the result of the recently attempted *cuartelazo*. Zamorra cited examples of the Government's attitude and declared that the Government, at the request of the American Minister, had given orders to the entire press not to print Sandino news under large headlines. Zamorra also declared that the American Minister had been seeking to have him expelled, but thus far had been unsuccessful. The Minister was particularly resentful because Zamorra's association had placed a letter in Lindbergh's hands pointing out the violation of Nicaraguan sovereignty by the United States, and urging him not to submit to being used as a tool of imperialism.

It is certain that the Government of Salvador is thoroughly in accord with American policy in Nicaragua. As a result, just before embarking for Honduras in Port La Union, I was taken to a small room by half a dozen police, and my person and effects searched. Even my shoes were removed. My clothing and suit-case were pawed over by a pair of orange-stained hands which had not been washed since Rameses II. My letters from Zamorra for Turcios and Sandino and my other papers were arbitrarily confiscated, and seven dollars in loose bills were stolen out of the top of my trunk. Thereupon I was permitted to embark. I would have lost all my credentials had I not sealed them in an official envelope addressed to His Excellency Minister Summerlin in Tegucigalpa.

In Amapala, the port of entry to Honduras, I was not molested; but the guide whom Dr. Zamorra had provided to take me to Sandino's camp was arrested and subsequently turned over to the Diaz authorities in Nicaragua. My trip from San Lorenzo to the capital at night in a combination auto-bus and truck, banging over dangerous mountain roads, was made in the company of Eugenia Torres, Mexican recitalist. Several days later the Minister of Education advised her not to recite several patriotic poems by Froylan Turcios, the Sandino representative, "because we are on very good terms with the Americans just now"—on very good terms indeed, the bait being the half-promise of a loan.

The Government has massed most of the Honduras

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army on the Nicaraguan frontier to prevent supplies from reaching Sandino and to stop all persons traveling in either direction. All travelers are searched and their documents confiscated. Froylan Turcios is under constant police surveillance and is probably protected from arrest only by his international prominence as a man of letters. By order of the Government the press of Tegucigalpa prints only unfavorable news concerning Sandino. A Nicaraguan poet recently published a poem which was favorable to Sandino. He cooled his heels for a month in jail. The attitude of the Honduras Government forced great secrecy on my part.

Froylan Turcios, as the only representative in a foreign country, is the key to any outside approach to Sandino. Turcios, truly free and noble soul, is the leading poet of the region. Once minister of state, Turcios is now dedicating himself to publishing *Ariel*, an anti-imperialist bimonthly, which is now mostly dedicated to the Sandino movement. Fortunately Turcios knew *The Nation* well and he was familiar with my own writing, so the letters I brought him carried double weight. He put himself at my disposal and provided me with a Sandino passport and a letter which bordered on the eulogistic. Enthusiastic about my trip but seriously concerned with my safety, he declared there was danger from both sides. He therefore secured as my body-guard and companion General J. Santos Sequiera, formerly a Liberal officer in Tela.

Some years ago Sequiera had been shipped to Guatemala in an American battleship. He is tall, dark, and imperious. After fifteen years of exile he burned to throw his lot in with Sandino. As he is the object of suspicion by the Honduras Government, however, his accompanying me increased the possibility of official interference. We had much difficulty in finding horses in Tegucigalpa. Finally we were helped by an old Indian rancher named Simon, who also offered to accompany us as guide as far as Danli. Attired in khaki riding habit, puttees, and a Honduras straw sombrero, I left Tegucigalpa on Sunday noon with my guides. Our credentials were in oilcloth envelopes and sewed in our saddle blankets.

Late in the afternoon we reached San Juancito, noted for the greatest silver mine in the world. A driving hailstorm, however, compelled us to make our beds on the hard, frozen ground in a wattle-woven lean-to, through which the wind howled. Our supper consisted of tortillas, cheese, and oranges. At three in the morning we were off again. Through a mist thicker than curds over the mountains we went down into the sun-baked valley. For breakfast, dinner, and supper we had that interminable Honduras diet of scrambled eggs, sausage, beans, and coffee offered in a surly manner by Indian or Zambo types. Our meals were eaten in smoky palm-thatched or tiled huts in the center of circles of naked, brown children and mangy dogs, surrounded with swarms of flies, heaps of corns and beans, and dangling strings of red peppers or dried meat.

At sundown we reached Morseli, an uneventful village wedged between mountain and hill. We were off again at midnight. Dawn found us dragging wearily down into the Jacaleapa valley, our guide Simon reeling drunkenly in the saddle. He had imbibed too much sugar-cane brandy, viler stuff than even American prohibition has produced. At Jacaleapa we rested in the house of a Liberal Honduras general named Carmona. The house was half hacked to pieces during the last Conservative revolution.

Danli is a primitive town, the center of a frontier coffee region. On the edge of town we slipped into the humble home of a Nicaraguan refugee, a black-bearded Saint Peter who carved wooden and gilt idols to eke out a livelihood in his enforced exile. As a result of the fighting between Sandino and the Americans in Nueva Segovia, he had been driven from the departmental capital, Ocotal. We gave him our credentials to lock up in a carved chest. Then we paid our respects to the local commandant and dictator, a black barrel of supercilious flesh. After dark we dodged around the corner to the house of Don X., the next link in the Sandino underground railway. Don X., a sparse man with blond, bushy eyebrows and husky voice, informed us that he was constantly under surveillance, unable to lace his shoes without the fact being reported to the commandant. It was dangerous to hire horses at Danli, but we had no other alternative unless we were prepared to go afoot. Don X. informed us that the Honduras Government had cut off all the customary entries into Nicaragua and suggested a roundabout route, lengthening our journey from three to four days.

"Does Sandino's mail still get in and out?" we asked.

"Yes, by Indian runners; but they go afoot to avoid the troops and populated places."

We did not wish to go afoot, knowing that we might need horses on the Nicaraguan side. We decided to consider the matter further on the following day. That night we slept on a table in the rear of a widow's store. Her husband had been murdered in the recent Conservative revolution. Everywhere was evidence of this political bitterness and violence. Consulting Don X. again on the following day, we asked, "Can you give us a reliable Indian guide who will put us on the straightest, quickest, and safest line to the frontier?" Don X. said he could.

The guide proved to be a Honduras Indian in his early twenties. He seemed thoroughly reliable and appreciative of our confidence. He told us: "To get by you will have to go afoot."

"But if we travel at night?" we questioned.

"Then horses would be possible."

We instructed him to hire three horses and to have them ready saddled at seven-thirty the same night.

Sandino's Demands

The following is a summary of Sandino's demands as he told them to Carleton Beals:

First, immediate withdrawal of the American marines; second, the appointment of a provisional president who has never been president or ever a candidate for the presidency and who must be a civilian, although of any party; third, supervision of the elections by Latin Americans.

Sandino promises that if these conditions are met he will immediately lay down his arms and never take them up again in a domestic fight between Liberals and Conservatives or in any other domestic trouble, but only to repel an invasion. He will never accept any public post or salary, but will gain his livelihood in civil pursuits.

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The Case of Anastasia

By JOHN R. COLTER

IN failing to present the established facts in the case of Anastasia von Tchaikovsky, the Berlin correspondents of the American press have given the public here an utterly untrue picture of the situation. There is good reason to believe that Anastasia von Tchaikovsky is the Czar's daughter, and good reason to believe that the nearest relatives of the late Czar and Czarina of Russia have been so misled by false evidence injected into her case that they are abandoning their own kinswoman in a tragic blunder.

For the Romanoffs of Copenhagen have been the victims of propaganda foisted upon them privately and publicly by the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, brother of the Czarina —the bitterest opponent of Anastasia von Tchaikovsky. And this man, however pure may be his motives in attacking her, has never consented to visit her himself. If it is alleged repeatedly that your niece, long thought dead, may be alive, you may rationalize the impossibility of such a thing in your own mind; but until you stand before the claimant and see for yourself that she is an impostor, it is unfair to sponsor an attack upon her "proving" that she is an insane Polish peasant, especially if you avoid public admission of your part in the work.

There is of course nothing conclusive to prove that one of the Czar's children might not have escaped the Ekaterinburg murder of 1918. The various investigations, conducted long after the murder took place, are full of loopholes. An escape is improbable, but not impossible, and anyone seeking the truth in this case would do well to begin with enough openness of mind to consider at least the possibility.

For my own part, having investigated the case of Anastasia for eighteen months, here and abroad, having talked with witnesses, studied their character and probable motives —and having tried to account for the existence of some hundreds of established facts by each of the four conceivable hypotheses which follow, I do not hesitate to maintain that Anastasia von Tchaikovsky is the daughter of the Czar.

Obviously, this girl who has come to New York is one of four things:

1. A fraud, persistently seeking recognition by ingenious misrepresentation.
2. An insane person, with hallucinations of grandeur.
3. An hypnotic subject, controlled by plotters.
4. The real Grand Duchess Anastasia.

I have found many persons with a penny skepticism who, not caring to examine the facts, dismiss the whole claim as impossible. But I have not found one who, judging the evidence, will argue publicly for any other explanation but that she is the Czar's daughter. This carries implications that some of the girl's relatives have not been as judicial as might be expected. That is true; for this reason newspapers, not wishing to take sides in a difficult controversy, avoid the most significant facts.

In July, 1925, I was the assistant manager of a newspaper organization which specialized in the acquisition of striking news features. When Berlin correspondents of New York papers first reported this case, they said that the ex-Crown Princess Cecilie of Germany had visited the "mystery woman" and had been "impressed by the sincerity of her claim." In the course of routine I turned for an opinion to my friend Gleb Botkin, son of the Czar's physician murdered at Ekaterinburg. Botkin dismissed as unthinkable the claim that Anastasia was alive. He stated so in a newspaper interview that day, and I dropped consideration of the matter. Six months later the New York *Times* carried a Sunday supplement story by Bella Cohen, an American journalist who had been in Berlin. It was the report of a dramatic scene in a Berlin hospital, with the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Czar, seemingly on the verge of recognizing the mysterious invalid as her niece. The wealth of special knowledge of Romanoff affairs attributed by Bella Cohen to Anastasia von Tchaikovsky amazed Botkin. It was obvious that here was one of the greatest stories of the decade or one of the greatest fabrications. I began investigating in earnest. It is impossible here even to summarize the several hundred thousand words of evidence accumulated in this case. I can merely outline the salient points and challenge any question of their truth.

Anastasia von Tchaikovsky was rescued from drowning in the Landwehr Canal in Berlin by the city police just eight years ago this month. She had attempted suicide. She appeared terror-stricken and, because she was a very sick woman, she was committed by the police to the Elizabeth Hospital. She refused to answer any questions as to her identity. Remark that. After six weeks of such silence, and because of that silence, she was committed to the Dahldorf insane asylum. The asylum records are explicit in their description of her case: "Very reserved; sits in stubborn silence; said she had nothing to say and had her own reasons for it. Said doctor could believe what he wished, she would tell him nothing."

From that day in March, 1920, until the following summer she preserved the apathy and depression which have characterized her in every hospital record made over a period of six years. All physicians and nurses who have had anything to do with her during her many years in hospitals have testified explicitly in affidavits that so far as they could judge human character for deceit or sincerity, Anastasia von Tchaikovsky was genuine; that she was a pitiful case of a terror-stricken woman, usually not caring whether she lived or died. Since then, according to medical testimony, she has been near death again and again. Anyone choosing one of the four possible hypotheses to defend would prefer insanity, I think, to that of fraud. At any rate, no one has taken the opportunity to have her arrested and thus disposed of. Why?

The medical and legal evidence is equally explicit that she is not insane. The five doctors who have examined her in the last eight years have testified that she is not. Their testimony reveals a woman apparently slowly emerging from a state of fear, from so terrible a shock that it developed in her an inhibition against speaking Russian, which they say must have been her native language. She has, however, spoken Russian and English on occasions. I found, in Ger-

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many, reputable witnesses to that among doctors and nurses who had attended her. But apart from talking Russian in delirium or narcosis, or from blurting it out upon rare occasions, she persists in a poor German. Her case is extraordinary, but not unprecedented in the matter of refusing to talk a language which she understands perfectly. However rapidly questioned in Russian, she replies in German.

She was never regarded as insane at the Dahldorf asylum. The asylum wanted her to leave but she would not. She remained there two years, voluntarily, and was finally dismissed when a Russian emigrant offered her shelter. Never since then has anyone sought to have her adjudicated insane. Last March the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt and the Berlin newspaper *Nachtausgabe* sought to have the identity of an insane Polish peasant fastened upon her by publicity. But they never took it to law. Why?

Is she then a weak-minded creature who has fallen into the hands of super-clever plotters who for some reason or other seek to foist her upon the Romanoffs? That is, has she been hypnotized all these years, coached into answering thousands of questions with answers which have amazed the Romanoffs and their representatives? The impossibility of this is attested by three doctors who have examined her and studied her case over a period of years. They have staked their professional reputations on the genuineness of Anastasia's strange mental quirks. There is no evidence that she is a victim of hypnosis. During 1925, when the Romanoffs and their agents visited her hospital room, she was in charge of doctors and nurses approved by them as reputable persons. She was under the direct protection of the Danish Ambassador to Germany, Herluf Zahle, who represented Prince Waldemar, uncle of the Czar, resident in Copenhagen. Ambassador Zahle not only approved the doctors and nurses; on behalf of Prince Waldemar, he paid the hospital expenses for nearly a year, and supervised the investigation for the Romanoffs. The theory of hypnosis, indeed any theory of a plot among her friends are absurdities which no Romanoff or anyone else will charge publicly.

Briefly, the story of the development of the evidence for Anastasia is this:

In July, 1925, the Romanoffs of Copenhagen, at the urging of German royalty, decided to take the case seriously. They cautiously dispatched to the hospital in Berlin an old servant, Volkoff, who had known Anastasia of old. Deeply puzzled by her refusal to talk Russian with him, but amazed at her special knowledge of the Siberian exile, he broke down and wept. As was the case with all investigators who visited her in the summer and autumn of 1925, Volkoff was in profound and honest doubt. He could not believe that that wreck of a woman was Anastasia and yet he dared not take the responsibility for saying it was not. He said to Mrs. Harriet von Rathleff-Keilmann of Berlin (then in personal charge of the invalid): "Think what a position I am in! If I were now to declare that she is the Grand Duchess and others later declare the opposite, where would I be?"

Volkoff left the hospital room weeping. He kissed the invalid's hand and said: "All will yet be well."

Volkoff's report brought several further visits from Romanoff investigators. All were deeply impressed; they swore that nothing should keep them from patient devotion to the solution of the mystery. With the girl seriously ill with tuberculosis of the bone all this time, often at the point of death, it was impossible, as they admitted, to question her adequately. The final visit of the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Czar, with the Gilliards (former tutor and governess of Anastasia) was marked by the deepest tenderness toward the invalid. Dr. Rudneff and Mrs. Rathleff, attending, were shaken by the tragic drama of the situation. Mrs. Rathleff testified as follows:

> Mr. Gilliard called me out in the hall, and referred to her specifically as the Grand Duchess Anastasia. He was appalled at her physical and mental condition. In the deepest earnestness he pledged his devotion to clearing up the mystery.
>
> The Grand Duchess Olga said, as has often been repeated and never denied: "My head tells me that this cannot be Anastasia, but my heart tells me that it must be."
>
> "Shura" (Mrs. Gilliard) sobbed in honest doubt: "Why should I love this woman so?"
>
> That they would never return to see her again was never in our minds.

Mrs. Rathleff's testimony is corroborated by Bella Cohen who visited the hospital that day and gathered first-hand evidence from "Shura." The record is clear that the Romanoffs were impressed and confounded by the mystery. Yet they never came again. They made no explanation whatever. Gilliard's letters promising full cooperation in investigating further are proof of his belief that the case was worthy of profound and patient consideration. His later writings contradict his private letters in many important points.

In October, 1925, the doctor in charge of the invalid had told the Romanoffs that she could not live another two months. But she recovered her health. A few months later she was identified positively as the Grand Duchess Anastasia by Tatiana Melnik, sister of Gleb Botkin. In December, 1926, Mrs. Rathleff of Berlin, amazed by the disappearance of those who had wept over Anastasia and then abandoned the case with no explanation, prepared a record backed by affidavits. The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt asked to see the manuscript before it was published. Permission was granted. A month later the brother of the Czarina, who had refused persistently to visit the girl, started a secret investigation of his own. The Berlin newspaper *Nachtausgabe* was running the Rathleff compilation serially. Two weeks after it finished this confirmation of Anastasia's claim, *Nachtausgabe* right-about-faced, announcing sensationally that the mystery was ended: The woman, it said, was now proved an insane Polish peasant. It presented an elaborate case, which was subsequently proved to be a frame-up.

The German government authorities refused to change Anastasia's passport and the whole job was exposed in detail by the *Tägliche Rundschau* last October. The facts revealed that agents of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt had collaborated with *Nachtausgabe* in the attempt to discredit her. They themselves had been imposed upon by some overzealous underling who believed so thoroughly in the reality of the Polish peasant story that he manufactured evidence to prove it.

With identifications flying so carelessly around Europe, it is perhaps as well that Anastasia has come here. The tragedy of her plight is not recognized by the public. I think it will be. She has now been identified explicitly by Tatiana Melnik, Gleb Botkin, Felix Dassel (a former Russian officer), and the Grand Duke Andrew, brother of Cyril, and cousin of the late Czar, who saw her in Paris en route.

The case of Anastasia is only beginning.

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Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., February 9

ROBERT W. STEWART, powerful head of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, chooses to risk a year in jail rather than tell what he knows about who got the $3,000,000 in Liberty bonds accumulated by the fake Continental Trading Company in its shady oil deal. Even the imperative urgings of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., were insufficient to persuade Stewart to give the Walsh committee the facts. As the situation stands at this writing, it has been disclosed that Sinclair got a share of the bonds, and that he passed $233,000 of them to Secretary of the Interior Fall a month after Fall secretly leased the Teapot Dome naval-oil reserve to him. James E. O'Neil, head of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company—whose company was mulcted of $1,500,000 in the deal—got $800,000 of them, and later turned them all over to that company as partial restitution for the loss it had sustained. Harry M. Blackmer, former head of the Midwest Refining Company, a Standard of Indiana subsidiary, who, like O'Neil, is a fugitive in Europe to avoid testifying, is tacitly accused by his associates of having participated in the profits.

* * * * *

IT is fairly well established that the Continental's $3,000,000 jackpot was split four ways. O'Neil's $800,000 represented one share, plus accrued interest. Assuming that Sinclair and Blackmer each received a share, there remains the question of who was the fourth partner. Since Sinclair, Blackmer, and O'Neil are virtually convicted, it is logical to conclude that the fourth partner is the object of Stewart's desperate solicitude. He would hardly risk jail to protect men who have already been exposed. The report persists that a large portion of these bonds was applied on the deficit left from the Harding-Coolidge campaign of 1920. The suspicion that this deal really originated in the hotel rooms where the Republican nominees were chosen that year, and that it had some connection with the choice, has not been dissipated. By persistent and courageous probing, Senator Walsh and his colleagues may yet get the truth.

* * * * *

IT was not Senator Walsh, however, who threw the net over Stewart's bulky shoulders, but a couple of newspaper correspondents. By alternately blarneying and bulldozing, Stewart so upset the courteous and punctilious Walsh that the latter never was able to get from him either a direct answer or refusal to answer, and finally abandoned him in disgust, if not in despair. Busily writing at one end of the table were Paul Y. Anderson, correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and Robert Barry, of the New York *Evening World*. As Walsh relinquished the burly oil magnate, the two reporters whispered hastily together, and Anderson scribbled two questions on a slip of paper and passed them along the table to Chairman Nye. Without a moment's hesitation, Nye put them directly to the witness. The first question was:

> Do you know of anybody who got any of the Continental Trading Company bonds?

The second was:

> Did you ever discuss any of these bond transactions with Harry F. Sinclair?

Stewart squirmed, but the questions were too broad and too pointed, and after a brief and futile attempt at evasion, he threw away pretense and defied the committee—and through it, the Senate—to compel him to answer. In a few days—perhaps before this appears—he will be indicted under the statute for violation of which Sinclair is now under sentence of three months in jail and $1,000 fine. Meantime, after having ordered his arrest, the Senate will proceed, in contesting his application for a writ of habeas corpus, to determine whether it has the right to commit him to jail until he is willing to answer. That proceeding will take a long time.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH Senator Walsh won his fight before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate to conduct an investigation of the power trust which controls the public utilities of the country, the power-trust lobby has not abandoned the field, and new evidences of its influence and resourcefulness appear every day. There is imminent danger that the trick which failed before the committee—to have the investigation sidetracked to the "packed" Federal Trade Commission—may succeed on the floor of the Senate. The ability of this lobby to line up votes is one of the most amazing demonstrations, and one of the most brazen, which the capital has seen since the Mulhall days. Democratic Senators upon whom Walsh has every right to depend for support are busily knifing the investigation in the back. Already partially emasculated by the committee, the inquiry is in dire peril of being completely shelved.

* * * * *

ALLUDING to newspapers which do not always support the Administration's foreign policies, President Coolidge told the National Press Club that "the candor of the situation would be greatly increased if the foreign connections [of those newspapers] were publicly disclosed." The insinuation was not accompanied by a shadow of proof, and few in the capital believe that Mr. Coolidge possesses such evidence. However, the principle which he stated is hardly to be questioned. Thus, the candor of the situation might

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be greatly increased if it were publicly disclosed that some newspapers which do support the Administration's policies had received favors from the Administration—in the form of tax refunds. There is William Randolph Hearst, for example. His newspapers have vigorously supported the Administration's Mexican policy at its worst, and its financial policies at all times. The candor of the situation might be greatly increased if it were publicly disclosed that Mr. Hearst, in making out his personal income-tax return, had been permitted to deduct the losses sustained by the rotogravure sections of his newspapers. In raising the subject of candor, Mr. Coolidge may have struck a contagious note.

Shadows of Cuba

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Havana, February 2

THE hot sun of Havana casts black shadows. The narrow old streets are jammed with big American automobiles, and the shop-windows on the long, cool arcades tempt the tourist; the hotels are crowded, the sea is incredibly blue . . . and then some soft Cuban evening one takes the wrong car and loses one's way and walks home through the wrong streets, and sees men and women sleeping on the sidewalks, with newspapers over their heads.

The Pan-American Conference meets in the splendid new buildings of the University of Havana; the flags of twenty-one republics fly beside the magnificent monumental stairway that is President Machado's pride. But there were no classes at the university. One day we learned why. Students had protested against the Machado dictatorship, and Machado accordingly had shut down classes for a period of months, suspending some student leaders for ten years.

President Coolidge

Elections are disturbing affairs, and uncertain, even under a Latin dictatorship; so President Machado is putting through a law extending his term of office without election. A decade ago he was a leader in the revolutionary movement provoked by President Menocal's effort at reelection. But Machado is stronger than Menocal. It does not pay to oppose him; nobody older than a college student would do it today. When Aurelio Alvarez, former president of the Senate, and Carlos Mendieta tried to form a new Nationalist Party in opposition, Machado's cavalry broke up their meetings with drawn swords. One meeting was spared; and on November 23 last Captain Alfredo Pereira y Rodriguez of the National Guard was court-martialed and sentenced to fifteen days' arrest, loss of two-thirds of his wages, and loss of promotion, for the crime of "not acting energetically against the Nationalist Party meeting at Calimeta"!

You do not learn these things from the pages of the Havana newspapers. They are great newspapers in their way, but they are good to the government. Fuller cable news, from all over the world, is printed in three or four dailies in little Havana than in any newspaper outside New York in the United States; but the news of Cuban politics is all pro-Machado. There is no opposition press to inform the Conference. And for good reason. There was once. But *El Heraldo* and *El Dia* and *El Nacionalista* were forced to stop publication in 1927. Two opposition editors were killed, and the editors of two surviving papers were advised to take long vacations. When they returned their health required them to be regular. It is a curious experience to read these orthodox papers, and then to walk into their offices and find the staffs seething with repressed revolt.

There will be a "plebiscite" on March 5—a "constitutional convention" will indorse the Machado proposal to extend for several years the terms of the President, senators, representatives, mayors, and boards of education; and will authorize further extensions by the same procedure. Machado has the three old parties in his grip, and there will be no opposition. All the power of office is with him; he has the graft of the National Lottery in his hands to help him; and he has shown what fate opposition will meet. President Coolidge's phrase that Cuba's "people are independent, free, prosperous, peaceful, and enjoying the advantages of self-government" was almost 100 per cent false.

There was an opposition in the labor unions. But since the autumn of 1926 such labor unions as have survived have been "good." One hears that Lopez, secretary of the Cuban Federation of Labor, was taken from his home by the chief of the secret police and has not been seen since; that Enrique Varona, president of the railwaymen's union of Varona, who had dared attempt to organize sugar-mill workers, was jailed, released, then killed, as, with his wife and children, he was entering the door of a motion-picture theater; that Domingo Dumenigo, of the railwaymen's union in Cienfuegos, on his way to a drug-store to buy medicine for a sick child, was shot through the head; that eighteen lesser labor leaders in the provinces of Santa Clara and Oriente met death similarly. In none of these cases has there been a prosecution or even serious investigation. When the Pan-American Federation of Labor complained to the Cuban Ambassador in Washington he said the labor leaders were mere bandits. He had learned something by contact with our State Department! When a Canary Islander wrote to his home paper that conditions in Cuba were bad and advised his countrymen not to emigrate, he was deported for that heinous crime.

President Machado

Last April General Machado came to New York, and J. P. Morgan & Co. gave a luncheon in his honor. Machado said "The wealth of foreigners in Cuba must and will be protected." Thomas W. Lamont expressed the bankers' appreciation of Machado's views and hoped he would continue

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in office. Mr. Lamont's remarks meant little in New York; but they were a front-page display story in Havana. Cubans understood them to mean that American capital—and the American Government, which they carelessly identify with American capital—supported General Machado in his desire to override the Cuban constitution and extend his reign.

The Platt Amendment is the excuse offered for all Machado's crimes. He must maintain order or the United States will intervene—that excuse covers the suppression of strikes, the crushing of unions, the smashing of the opposition, everything.

It must be admitted that Machado, and his energetic understudy, Carlos Miguel de Cespedes, the Minister of Public Works, have beautified Havana. There is the monumental stairway at the university to prove it. There is the park that gives the Presidential Palace a vista of the sea. There is the very new park about the Maine Monument, with its palms, hastily transplanted the week before the Pan-American Conference opened, which are already dying. But beneath the surface Cuba is a sick country. The sickness, to be sure, goes beyond Machado's control. It is the sickness of a one-crop country. Cuba lives on sugar. Seventy per cent of her exports are sugar. When the price of sugar goes up, Cuba prospers. When it goes down, she flops. In 1920 sugar was high; the sugar crop sold for $1,005,451,080, and the salaries of all government officials were doubled overnight. In 1921 the price of sugar broke; a crop larger than in 1920 sold for only $273,197,696, and the entire island went bankrupt. In 1923 and 1924 the price of sugar averaged four cents or better; but in the last three years it has hovered just above two cents. Every year Cuba plants more sugar, but if the price goes down what good does it do? In 1907 Cuba produced 1,427,673 tons of sugar; in 1917 3,054,997 tons; in 1927 she grew cane for 6,000,000 tons, but the Government, in an effort to keep the price above three cents, is this year restricting the grinding to 4,000,000 tons. In the end the smaller crop may bring more money—Colonel Tarafa of Cuba has persuaded the European sugar producers to limit their crops also—but at present it seems to spell ruin to the small Cuban producers.

Fifty years ago Cuba was a country of small farms, growing their own produce. In 1877 there were 1,190 sugar-mills in Cuba. Today there are only 180, three-quarters American-owned, and they own a quarter of all the land in Cuba. The small farmer is disappearing; the feudal serf has returned. The growth of the sugar industry, which has seemed to be Cuba's wealth, has destroyed the basis of her independence. She is threatened with the fate of the Barbados, where absentee landlords of vast estates draw their tribute from a stagnant serf population. Immigration from Spain has been checked; and every year hordes of Haitian and Jamaican Negroes are imported to work at infinitesimal wages through the cutting season.

A third of Cuba's cane will this year be left standing in the fields. With the supply so far in excess of the demand the price the mills pay to the *colonos* will be lower than ever. Most of the planters live all year on the small cash advance made by the mills at harvest-time. Nominally this advance is made for administrative purposes, and the planters are later paid for their cane; but the cane payments are used to liquidate their credits, and it is rare that there is a cash balance. This year the planters in Camaguey are receiving an advance of 15 cents for 100 arrobas, about a ton, of cane! There is talk of a strike, but if there is a strike it will fail. If there is disorder, it will be downed. There is not the vestige of a union left in the sugar-fields owned by the great American sugar families. The slightest threat of a strike is crushed; it might lead to intervention under the Platt Amendment!

Article III of the Platt Amendment grants the United States the "right to intervene for the . . . maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." The threat of intervention for the protection of property is constant. But, so far as I know, it has never occurred to anyone, in Cuba or in the United States, that we might intervene in behalf of individual liberty. It ought to work both ways, or not at all.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has just had another of those notices from the bank. It is firm but kind, and more in sorrow than in anger. It informs him that he has overdrawn his account. The Drifter feels very humble about it. He wishes a little sadly that he had some of the spirit of an aunt of his who, when she received, for the first time in her life, a like notice, rushed to her desk and sent the following message to the offending bank: "This is outrageous. Please don't let it happen again." The Drifter admires that spirit. In a feeble way he understands it. Surely the function of a bank is to hand out money, and his aunt was quite right when she complained of its carping spirit in bothering her with the details of the transaction.

* * * * *

BUT the Drifter himself would never have dared to assume such a tone. He has an awe of banks amounting almost to worship. If man's most sincere reverence is accorded to what he does not understand, then the Drifter should certainly bow down before the teller's window. It is amazing to him that a man can tell him at any given moment just how much money he has, especially as he himself, the person most concerned, has no idea. Then there is his savings account. When he was a boy some one induced him to deposit five dollars. When he was grown up, the some one told him, he would be a rich man. In those days he believed what people told him. Now he knows better, generally, but he still leaves that five dollars untouched, and takes his little book once a year to have the interest put down in it. The girl behind the brass bars knows immediately how much the bank owes him. This is incomprehensible to the Drifter, who has never been strong on arithmetic since he tried to solve the difficulties Alice got into when the Red Queen asked her to take nine from eight. And then, he has a strong suspicion that it's a question of *compound* interest, too. However, a great light has dawned on that subject since he realized that compound interest was just like walking up the moving stairway.

* * * * *

THE Drifter well recalls another lady of his acquaintance who, desirous of crossing a street through heavy traffic, did so by the simple expedient of stepping down the curb and starting across, her hand held up in a warning gesture as she confidently made her way. Motors ground brakes for her, trucks came to a hasty stop. And the driver of one of the latter, almost jerked from his seat by the violent action of his brakes, expressed the opinion of all who

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saw her as he leaned down and shouted: "Wot is it—a h'empress?" This admirable spirit is really not so unusual, but in most people it is coupled with a little more timidity; or, if you prefer, prudence. These two intrepid ladies assumed that the world's institutions existed for their especial benefit. Most people assume that fact, and act on it as far as they dare, but most people also are like the Drifter, and their courage falters when faced with ten-ton trucks and banks.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Nicaraguan Holiday

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It might amuse you, as it does me, to note that Nicaragua celebrates, as a holiday, the Fourth of July, in honor of the United States Declaration of Independence.

New York, January 25 EDWARD C. MACK

Anti-War Martyrs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May we ask the help of your readers in getting information concerning the difficulties met by persons convicted during the war for their anti-war views? All of them are still without the rights of citizenship. These rights are fixed by the States, and therefore vary. In some they cannot legally vote or serve on juries. In others they cannot get licenses for certain professions or hold public office.

The Civil Liberties Union has tried through quiet work at Washington to secure restoration of the rights of citizenship to all the 1,500 persons convicted for their opinions during the war. We have not secured results by quiet methods and we are now about to engage in a public campaign. For that purpose, we want material directly from the persons affected, showing just what difficulties they have met. Will any of your readers who know any pertinent facts or who have the names and addresses of any persons so convicted be good enough to inform the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City?

New York, February 6 ROGER BALDWIN

Forgive Miss Mayo

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We Hindus welcome honest and unbiased criticism, based on facts, but when Katherine Mayo uncompromisingly condemns all that is holy and pure to us then it is our duty as sons of India to challenge her book.

Several invitations were sent to her recently, requesting her to debate with us. These she wisely declined. When we heard that she was to make her first appearance before the public, a small group of Hindus, proud of our country and our people, decided to stage a demonstration against her book. Two of us on the morning of January 21, the day of her lecture, began distributing hundreds of leaflets outside of the Town Hall to the public at large, and specially to those entering the hall to hear Miss Mayo's lecture on The Women and Children of India. These leaflets contained an invitation to her for an open debate and also the opinions of greatly respected leaders, both Hindu and American who vehemently denounce her book as untrue to the facts. A miniature bonfire was set up in front of the Town Hall as a sincere and deeply felt protest.

The burning of the book, the distribution of the leaflets to the audience, and the carrying of large signs on my shoulders challenging her for a debate, all had a remarkable and culminating effect, both on Miss Mayo's audience and herself. Meanwhile the management sent for a special police officer who, I suppose, was strongly urged to arrest me. From the moment this officer emerged from the hall his treatment of me was rough and brutal. I never disobeyed him and also pointed out to him that I was doing nothing unlawful. He was immune to my appeals. Therefore I submitted to force, because I believe in the righteousness of an unselfish and noble cause. I was arrested and imprisoned for over ten hours in a dark cell. During this time my conscience and courage grew stronger and in this frame of mind I appealed to God through my soul-force to forgive that poor woman for her impure thoughts and actions.

New York, February 6 JAN KOTHANDA RAM

A Doctor Needed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Unless funds are speedily forthcoming for the upkeep of a physician at Avella, a mining center about forty-five miles out of Pittsburgh, a striker population of over four thousand families will have to go through the winter cut off from medical aid. This, too, with hundreds of families being evicted and diseases arising from cold and hunger steadily on the increase.

Dr. Kartub, the young physician brought in by the local union at the Duquesne Mine, Avella, last spring, has stuck to his post, doing splendid work for the strikers' families, unpaid, throughout the nine months of the lockout. The lockout was declared only a few days after his arrival in Avella, and the check-off for medical service through which the local supported a physician and provided its membership with medicine automatically ceased.

The young doctor was drawn to the courageous men and women fighting grimly month after month up there in the hills, and stayed on even when it became clear that he would have to work without pay. His reserve funds were as slight as those of most young physicians, and he was forced to borrow continuously, where he could, to get money to live on and to buy medicine for his striker patients.

Borrowing has its limits, and finally Dr. Kartub tried working with a physician in Pittsburgh during the day to earn enough to keep going, driving back along the steep hill roads at evening to Avella, and then beginning another day's work with his own people in the mining camps at night. The combination was impossible—and dangerous. One evening not long ago his car broke down, and it was impossible for him to get back. The strike-breakers' physician refused to come to a striker's wife who suddenly fell desperately ill, and she died.

We are asking you to call this to the attention of sympathetic physicians in New York City. We are hoping that a group of them will see the need of coming to the assistance of this needy doctor so that he may continue his good work.

Pittsburgh, January 20 V. KEMENOVICH,
Relief Director

Costa Rica

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. Gannett's article Hughes at Havana, in your issue of February 8, he says that "Costa Rica, which never joined any of the Hague courts and has resigned from the League of Nations, wants a purely American Court." May I call your attention to the fact that, while Costa Rica did not sign the conventions passed at the Hague in 1899 and 1907, she is a signatory to the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague (organized after the war) and has also signed the op-

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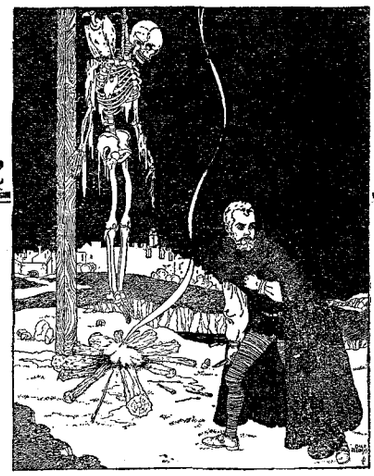

THIS drawing shows the noblest thief of the ages—Vesalius, who stole corpses from the gallows of Montfaucon and Louvain, wrote De humani corporis fabrica, *and founded the modern science of anatomy. "The human body was his Bible, and he cared not how he obtained copies," says Dr. Logan Clendening. Across the title page of his 16th-century Latin treatise Sir William Osler wrote: "Modern medicine begins here."*

THE HUMAN BODY

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

THE fight made by Vesalius against superstition is but one of many a stirring, heroic, or grotesque episode in the long history of man's study of himself. Dr. Clendening narrates these episodes in a way to thrill the mind. The picture above (greatly reduced) is one of over a hundred of his illustrations and diagrams. The volume containing them tells today's man-in-the-street more about that universal subject, the body, than yesterday's most brilliant anatomist could learn in a long lifetime.

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BORZOI BOOKS

tional clause of the court protocol providing for compulsory arbitration of all disputes?

New York, February 6 MILDRED S. WERTHEIMER

A Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my introduction of Joffé's letter in your issue of February 1 I said that the letter had not been published in Russia. It was finally published in Russia, having appeared elsewhere and become notorious, on December 31, 1927. The Russian text is substantially the same as the French one from which my translations were made.

Croton-on-Hudson, February 8 MAX EASTMAN

Stuart Sherman's Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Homer Woodbridge and I are undertaking, at the request of Mrs. Sherman, to prepare a book on the life of Stuart Sherman. We should be grateful to any one who would assist us in our task with letters of Sherman's, or with excerpts from letters if for any reason they cannot be submitted to us in their entirety. Copies will be made and the originals promptly returned.

Urbana, Illinois, January 10 JACOB ZEITLIN

Letters That Fly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Living in far-away California I have been spending large sums of money upon air-mail stamps, and I am wondering what for. On December 28 I paid eighty cents to mail a manuscript to a magazine in New York by air mail. On December 30 I took the precaution to send another copy of the manuscript by ordinary mail. I have just learned by telegraph that the one sent by ordinary mail arrived this morning, the one sent by air mail arrived the same afternoon.

There is a big storm just now; but ten days ago I received two air-mail letters, one from Boston and one from New York, and the postmarks showed that each had taken six days. The time for ordinary mail is four days. I noticed the same thing on two occasions a month ago. These are the only letters I have bothered to check up. I hope you will not begrudge the Post Office Department this free advertising.

Long Beach, Cal., January 4 UPTON SINCLAIR

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, as *The Nation's* special correspondent, spent several days with the Sandino forces in Nicaragua.

JOHN R. COLTER was sent by the North American Newspaper Alliance to Europe to investigate the case of Madame Anastasia von Tchaikovsky. He is now a free-lance writer.

The Unofficial Spokesman is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, has just returned from Havana.

S. BERT COOKSLEY is a California poet.

A. J. MUSTE is director of the Brookwood Labor College.

B. H. HAGGIN frequently reviews music for *The Nation*.

GLEN MULLIN is author of "The Adventure of a Scholar-Tramp."

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

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Books, Music, Plays

Night Is a Time to Weep

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

It is a long night that does not know weeping;
night is a time to weep. In the next room,
where they are tired of each other and sleeping,
the seed of your tears will take bloom.

"Hush!" one says to his stupid wife.
"Someone there—you hear?—crying?"
They will listen; thinking of life,
thinking of virtue, thinking of dying.

Night is a time to weep. Tears must give
people weary of each other a small
stab of recollection. They will live
again, their ears to the wall.

First Glance

THE principal danger a satirist runs is the danger of being dull. To be sure it is dulness he is out after; by tradition he is the enemy of fools and knaves, and by a still subtler tradition he is one who can make a knave look like a fool, and so doubly reduce him. There is nothing he must hate so much as dulness. Yet nine times out of ten he will write a book which it is hard work to read, and one of the reasons is that his material in itself is hard to think about. It is the material of our daily lives, and we are already too familiar with it.

Charles Merz's "The Great American Band-Wagon: A Study in Exaggerations" (John Day: $3) does not wholly escape this peril. Its subjects are golf, radio, filling stations, fraternal orders, soda fountains, newspaper murders, college education, Spanish suburbs, beauty-contests, foreign tours, the movie, the campaign, the drive, the prize-fight, the Channel swim, and the like—stuff we are intolerably weary of seeing in the headlines and intolerably weary of hearing opinions about. That Mr. Merz has some new opinions does not altogether matter. He deals in fluff, and some of the fluff sticks to him. He invents a rapid style which will in itself be satire on our life; but the style becomes infected with the life so that it is difficult after a while to distinguish between them, and Mr. Merz seems windy and tedious. To that extent he pays the penalty of one who has decided to touch pitch.

Yet he does make a contribution. He does juxtapose two ideas which so far as I know have not been so juxtaposed before, though a generation of satirists has been busy with each of them by itself. These are the ideas, first, that the American wants romance, illusion, escape to some other world than this clicking steam-heated one in which he is condemned to live, and second, that the American does not really want his new world to be different from the old one. In other words, he hates irregularity while he loves change, and since the second cannot be had without the first he is in a bad way. Mr. Merz points with considerable shrewdness to the fact that golf is the business man's way of remembering the frontier (the multi-colored hose being but descendants of a certain famous pair of leather stockings), that we sweep our sons into the colleges with the same enthusiasm that used to send them West into new territories, that we join the Red Men or sip a Mandalay Delight or build ourselves a Spanish balcony in order that we may taste the exotic, and that we are willing to make a hero out of almost anybody because there must always be somebody through whom we can vicariously live. But—says Mr. Merz—we don't carry the thing through. We have our ideas as to what men ought to be, and we distrust our neighbor as soon as he becomes authentically eccentric. The movies, for instance, have made "an art of our regularity." And our heroes, after all, must be just plain men like ourselves. "Henry Ford is so rich that he could buy a Balkan nation, but he likes puttering around in his garden and spends part of his time hanging bird-boxes from his porch on old bits of wire spring." So we approve of Henry Ford.

That is Mr. Merz's contribution, and it is an important one; and it has been made with gaiety and skill. But it is thickly swathed in words; it might have gone better as an article.

MARK VAN DOREN

George Bellows on Stone

George Bellows: His Lithographs. With an Introduction by Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf. $15.

A VOLUME of the complete lithographic work of George Bellows was inevitable sooner or later, and this one in all respects leaves little to be desired. The plates, numbering 195, are beautifully printed. The index not only makes their chronology clear but offers interesting bits of information about individual drawings. The value of the book is further enhanced by Thomas Beer's splendid prefatory essay which creates an abiding sense of Bellows's personality and at the same time interprets his work with sympathetic understanding. The dramatic instinct, the restless love of unconventional subjects, the technical bravura displayed in Bellows's paintings overflowed abundantly into his lithographs; so that by turning the pages of this volume one may attain a singularly complete perception of all the phases of his artistic energy. He is to be seen as a graphic journalist delighting in raw sensation, as a humorist and satirist, and lastly as an artist striving for an idealistic, an imaginative vision of reality. His subjects, which are largely inspired by the life of his own time in America, cover a wide range: prize-fights, religious meetings, crowds swarming in the streets and parks, people grotesquely gregarious always, whether it be in their swimming, their love-making, or their search for God.

It is this constant preoccupation with mobs, and this delight in what engrosses them at the time, that makes one think of Bellows as a super-feature-writer on canvas or stone. Unerringly he plays up the most vivid moment in a given happening, suggesting in terms of crude sensation whatever emotion envelops it, sadistic, sentimental, hysterical, or buffoonish. His prize-fights are tremendous snapshots disclosing at a single burning glance the naked bodies of the gladiators in such a brutal agony of strife that they are almost painful to contemplate; and about the ringside a throng of distorted faces are howling for the kill. Bellows found no subject too painful or preposterous for a full-page spread—a lynching bee with a shrieking Negro writhing in the flames, a dance in a mad-house, a hold-up, a mine disaster, an execution in the electric chair—all

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were grist for the lithographic stone. As might be expected, Bellows's taste sometimes lapses, but never does his dramatic instinct degenerate so far into sheer melodrama as it does in the war lithographs. With Goya's "Desastres de la Guerra" in the back of his mind, he projected a series of compositions exhibiting the fiendish cruelty of the Germans. These "hallucinations," as he afterward called them, while horribly effective as propaganda are so steeped in hatred and so mannered that they fall short of high artistic merit. The Execution of Edith Cavell, however, is a noteworthy exception; a beautiful tragic vision it is, a composition at once noble in its illustrative conception and aesthetically moving.

From the dramatic excesses of the war lithographs one turns with relief to those drawings which express Bellows's genial and sly sense of humor. Business Man's Class, YMCA is one of the most amusing. A grotesque assortment of male bipeds are engaged in setting-up exercises. The spectacle is pathetic as well as ludicrous—these middle-aged and elderly men who all their lives have neglected their bodies are at last aroused to an awareness of age creeping on, and the necessity of prolonging their span of life by a little, not too strenuous, body-building. Bald men, pompous thin-chested men with carefully parted whiskers, men with bloated stomachs and dewlaps like mastiffs, cocky runts with bowed legs—all are funny without caricature. They are recognizable human beings. In Artists Judging Works of Art is gay comment on the capers of an art jury passing judgment on its contemporaries. Village Prayer Meeting presents a group of smug psalm-singers soaking in a kind of besotted enjoyment of their own sanctimoniousness. In the Billy Sunday lithographs the satire is sharper. The Sawdust Trail, with its atmosphere of evangelical hysteria, is so well suggested that one averts the eyes and feels a slight shiver of vicarious shame.

In view of the sensational gifts so far commented upon it would seem useless to look for the qualities of grace and charm in such a swashbuckling master of dynamics as Bellows, but these qualities are to be found in some of his pictures and especially in his portraits of children. One suspects that in his aggressive assault on sentimentalism and "sweetness" of conception he submitted all the forms of things to an artistic lens which was opaque to graciousness or tenderness of spirit. In striving with such determination to avoid conventional beauty of treatment he came very near achieving conventional brutality. His nudes, particularly his women, are insensitive and heavy. It has been said that he once remarked caustically to a novice who had painted a handsome naked girl: "Couldn't you have got a prettier girl and made her a little better looking?" The novice might have scrutinized one of Bellows's nudes and rejoined: "Couldn't you have got an uglier girl and made her a little worse looking?" In Bellows's portraits of his two little daughters, however, there is a subtle expressiveness, a lovely delicacy of perception and handling not commonly found in his work. The grave sweetness of Jean and Anne is interpreted with a warmth and imaginative sympathy which promises an enduring life of art for them when many of the episodic lithographs will be interesting chiefly to the social historian.

But beside the portraits may be placed other drawings in this book upon which beauty has brushed delicate wings, touching them with imaginative aspiration. Among these may be accounted The Allan Donne Puts to Sea, lovely in the range and subtlety of its values; Irish Town, charming in its counterplay of strong blacks and whites; and Evening Snowstorm, a fine study in silvery nuances. Then there is the series of illustrations for Wells's "Men Like Gods." The glorified landscapes of Utopia charmed into sudden florescence all the latent romanticism of Bellows, and the strange beauty that Wells helped him to evoke is as unfamiliar to us as the stars of Utopia. It is our loss that Bellows divined so late in his career the guise of beauty in strangeness. The treasures he might have left he carried with him into the invisible and the unknown.

GLEN H. MULLIN

What Is the West?

Defense of the West. By Henri Massis. Translated by F. S. Flint. Preface by G. K. Chesterton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

IN his now famous essay called "The Intellectual Crisis" Paul Valéry gave picturesque expression to his distrust of the East in the phrasing of a question: "Will Europe become *what she is in reality;* that is, a little cape on the Asiatic continent?" Valéry was not, I presume, the first to imply such a question, but the vast prestige of his name has given it a general currency and has made the fear which it implies almost an intellectual fashion. That fear furnishes one of the chief themes in Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," it is the pole around which most of the discussions published in the *New Criterion* revolve, and it bobs up sooner or later in the writings of every member of the newly constituted "intellectualist" group. The West, say the expositors of the theme, stands for faith in man, in order, and in the intellect; the East for fatalistic despair, for anarchy, and for mysticism. We, they add, have been moving slowly toward the East ever since the Renaissance and our only hope of salvation lies in a return to Western ideals—that is to say, to a faith in the validity of logic and metaphysics which will eventuate in the establishment of an ultimate authority in government like that represented by the Roman empire and an ultimate authority in the realm of mind and spirit like that represented by the Catholic church.

Henri Massis, whose book, by the way, is post-Valérean but not quite new, has evidently in mind the production of a *locus classicus* for the whole discussion. One section is devoted to proving by means of quotations from Keyserling, Spengler, and others that Germany is spiritually "Eastern," another to proving that Russia is the same, a third to pointing out the orientalizing influence exerted especially by Gandhi and Tagore, and still another to a glorification of the Catholic church as the one surviving institution which is still uncorruptedly "Western."

"Christendom" and "the Western world" represent, he says, identical ideas, but true Christianity is not, of course, that "Eastern" philosophy expounded by Tolstoi or Gandhi which teaches us that "Christ forbids his disciples all jurisdiction, all human justice, all coercive authority," but rather that truly Roman one which regards God as the "All-powerful Jurisconsult" and the officers of his church as his policemen and bailiffs. Just how he proposes to get around the fact that Christ was an Oriental who delivered himself of various sayings having a characteristic "Eastern" flavor is not apparent, but one may assume, I think, that Christ plays but a small role in what he calls Christianity, and in any event he concludes that "the Catholic church seems to us the sole power capable of restoring true civilization."

In spite of a keen if somewhat skeptical interest in the whole intellectualist movement I cannot but wonder whether that precision so much insisted upon by its members can in any way be served by the hypostatization of entities as vague and intangible as "Asia" and "the Western Mind" or whether the present crisis of the spirit is to be haply survived through any expedient as simple as a dutiful return to that Catholic church with which even those "intellectualists" less definitely than Massis its partisan are perpetually flirting. A part at least of the "Defense of the West" was published in the *New Criterion,* and it is surely an odd sort of movement which unites the author of "The Wasteland" with Mr. Chesterton. That famous exponent of cakes and ale is in temperament too far removed from Mr. T. S. Eliot actually to join with him in anything, and one may justly suspect that some loose thinking is being done somewhere when the two come together.

Perhaps, indeed, the skeptic anxious not to be taken in by any sophistries however modish would do well to ask himself whether the whole pother about "the Western mind" be not, in

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part at least, merely a more intellectually respectable analogue of the now subsiding furore over "Nordic" superiorities; and if he does so he will be struck by the fact that whereas the proponents of the last-mentioned theory were compelled to prove that the Germans were not really Nordic the supporters of the Western mind must now maintain that this same unhappy people, whom no one seems to want, are not really Western either. Any argument which is based upon the supposed existence of entities as ill-defined as the Nordic race or the Western mind must indeed end in something no better than the calling of names. Who shall say that the Middle Age was more characteristically "Western" than the Renaissance? In all such discussions the truly "American," "Nordic," "Democratic," or "Western" is likely to be merely what one happens to like. What one does not like is "Un-American," not "Nordic," "Bolshevistic," or "Eastern."

And as for the other contention which plays so large a part in the intellectualist argument—the contention, that is to say, that order and authority are excellent things—it can only be said that these new writers are not the first to perceive that the political rule of a perfect government and the intellectual jurisdiction of an all-wise court of appeal would be highly desirable if they were ever to be obtained. But the question is still, as it has always been, where to get them, and the intellectualists have none but the old and futile answers which conjure up ghosts in the form of divine rights and vicars of God. The real sanction of all the revolts, political and intellectual, which have taken place since the Renaissance is purely a pragmatic one. Governments were overturned and oecumenical councils defied, not primarily because people had rejected the principle of authority but because they found themselves compelled to put up with bogus authorities. And what they learned we are not yet ready to forget: the most benevolent despotisms and the most impressive academies have a way of growing bogus in time.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

To the Left

Misleaders of Labor. By William Z. Foster. Trade Union Educational League. $1.25.

THE thesis of this book is that cultural and economic conditions in the United States are largely responsible for creating a backward and ultra-conservative labor movement, the only one "which still frankly defends and supports the capitalist system"; that naturally such a movement has developed an ultra-conservative and backward leadership; but that this leadership in its turn has become a very powerful cause in retarding the struggles of the workers for more effective organization and higher standards, and must therefore be energetically exposed and relentlessly fought.

Mr. Foster does the exposing in a work of 336 pages in which, to put it mildly, a spade is called a spade. Special attention is given to such subjects as graft on the part of union officials; their affiliation with "capitalist" organizations such as the National Civic Federation; stealing of elections; frenzied financial ventures in connection with labor banks; corrupt alliances with the old-party political machines; the failure to attempt the organization of the masses of the unskilled and semi-skilled. On these subjects there is presented a mass of information not hitherto readily accessible, though not much of it is the result of original investigation or research. Very many of the things that are said are so. It is the more unfortunate that some important statements are not supported by any citation of evidence and that some are inaccurate, while others are at least highly debatable.

From the analysis here presented of the development and present position of the American labor movement and the role of the main body of its leadership there will be little or no dissent except perhaps on the part of those leaders and their henchmen, though some will quarrel with the tone employed, and the picture is, of course, all in blacks and whites. Many serious students and trade unionists will agree also with the general program of organizing the unorganized, democratizing the unions, etc., here presented.

It is when one tries to think out the problem of how the American labor movement may gain in numbers, intelligence, and effectiveness that this book stirs doubts and leaves one with unanswered questions.

According to Mr. Foster it is the Left Wing, specifically the Worker's Party and the Trade Union Educational League, that alone can lead the movement out of the wilderness. The book assumes that the present Left Wing is quite capable of doing this little job and that it has intelligent, fearless, and honest leadership. It is a big assumption, the soundness of which is questioned by many who are not reactionaries and not altogether ignorant of the facts. Much is said about extravagance on the part of conservative unions and their leaders. Are we to assume that extravagance in the use of union funds by Left Wingers is never reprehensible? A great deal is said about democratizing the unions and against dictatorial and strong-arm methods on the part of the old leaders. Are such methods always entirely proper and effective when employed by the Left Wing? If the progressives in the American labor movement are at present impotent, is it merely because the conservatives were strong and brutal and the progressives "yellow"? Or have the Lefts by occasional little tactical mistakes, as, for example, by premature and melodramatic attempts to "capture" organizations, by indiscriminate and bad-tempered mud-slinging, played into the hands of the reactionaries and placed their natural allies in an impossible position? And there are even more fundamental questions.

One of the most crucial problems confronting those who hope for the development of a vital and militant labor movement in this country has to do with the extent to which the development of the movement on the economic (trade union) field can be subjected to the needs and the control of a revolutionary political party, especially one which takes its orders from across the sea, the extent to which those who are to take part in a united front on the trade-union field shall be required to worship in the same church, subscribe to the same creed, and to perform the same rituals. On that issue continuous and bitter controversy rages between the Foster faction and their opponents in the Worker's Party. This book does not touch upon the issue. Yet this issue cannot be evaded and it is urgent.

The book argues for absolute opposition to all "class collaboration" schemes, every form of cooperation between union and management for efficient production (such as the B. & O. Plan), just as the Lefts of a generation ago, under I. W. W. leadership, fought against unions making any collective agreements with employers. The fight then was between blind antagonism to collective agreements and equally blind advocacy of them; the fight today is between blind antagonism to all schemes in which the union takes a positive interest in the production process and a blind advocacy of such schemes as heralding a new and glorious day for labor. In practice the trade union cannot follow an absolutist policy in these matters. It must both develop relatively stable relations with employers and management and it must fight them. Its supreme need, in other words, is a sound philosophy and tactic of compromise. Neither side to such a controversy as we are referring to has such a philosophy and tactic. The result is that the official movement gets into a swamp and loses the road to its goal, while the Left Wing by its own lack of realism gets shoved off into a corner, becomes a propagandist sect, and fails to exercise a continuous and preponderant influence on the movement as a whole. Mr. Foster is the man who has been dinning it into our ears that this is what happened to the I. W. W. Does he think that the same cause will not produce the same results today?

A. J. MUSTE

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MARCH 1ST—MARCH 13TH

To Newsstand Readers of *The Nation:*

March 13th is Oswald Garrison Villard's fifty-sixth birthday, and we have decided to make that date the climax of our Tenth Anniversary Celebration, with a dinner* in New York where at least a thousand Nation readers will be able to make their tribute felt personally.

Dinners in Mr. Villard's honor wlll also take place in Washington, March 1st, Rochester, March 5th, Baltimore, March 7th, Philadelphia, March 9th, Boston, March 10th.* And those of us who live near enough will have a chance to come and shake him by the hand, and thank him for his ten years' service in the cause of honest liberalism in America.

But what can the rest of us do?

Mr. Villard has given ten years of his life and a good share of his modest fortune to creating a paper which has come to fill an indispensable place in our national life. Hundreds of people write to him every year to tell him so. And still his paper has not yet reached that point in circulation at which it can command advertising enough to sustain it. 10,000 more readers would do it.

What better birthday present could we give Mr. Villard than 10,000 new subscribers for The Nation? What better present could you personally give him than one new subscriber to make part of that gift? This will mean more to him than a gold-headed cane or a silver loving-cup or even a hundred laudatory speeches.

May we count on you to read the announcement below and act on it *within a week?* Then at least one copy of the Nation Book, with our names in it, can be printed in time to present to Mr. Villard on March 13th with the gift of new subscribers.

Yours faithfully,

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A Psychologist Looks at Music

The Borderland of Music and Psychology. By Frank Howes. Oxford University Press. $2.25.

MR. HOWES applies relevant psychological theories to a number of musical phenomena for whatever enlightenment or stimulation the procedure may afford.

His most important chapter is the one entitled Emotion in Music. In this he reminds us that psychologists do not countenance the division of the mind into separate faculties, that instead they hold its activity to be an amalgam of thought and feeling in varying proportions, hence that the mental activity of composer or listener always involves emotion, and that this emotion is not a specific musical emotion but the emotion involved in the production or the appreciation of any other art. He concludes that any music of value, though it may vary in its method, is program music, and as such a commentary on life, or what he calls a judgment of value. It appears from this that he considers identical the emotion involved in the mental activity of composer or listener, and the emotional connotation of the musical sounds. But my own understanding is that they are often different. And this leads to an important distinction. A demonstration in higher mathematics usually possesses qualities that arouse aesthetic emotion in one who can appreciate them; and it may be the product of considerable emotion in the one who worked it out; nevertheless its terms, as we know, have no emotional connotation themselves. Just so a group of musical sounds may arouse aesthetic emotion or be the result of it, and yet have no emotional connotation itself. That is, music exists which conveys none but a musical meaning, a meaning sui generis, the meaning precisely of a group of musical sounds (which is the primary meaning even of music with emotional content). And such music can possess value even though its sole necessary connection with life is that something in life set off the energy which created it; and this for the same reason that music which does comment on life can be without value. The reason is that value in music is not, as Mr. Howes contends, a matter of emotional content.

Important also is Mr. Howes's application of theories of crowd psychology to the behavior of performers and listeners at a concert. The essential conditions of group mental activity, he points out, are a common object of the activity, a common mode of feeling toward the object, and reciprocal influence—intensifying this feeling—among members of the group. These conditions are satisfied by an orchestra, or rather by an orchestra in cooperation with its audience (to which I should add the conductor as a third and distinct member of the group), united in an act of creation; and by the audience alone, e.g., in applause. The applause expresses, first, a mere need of physical movement, a need created by the fact that whereas normally there is no thinking or feeling without doing, "artistic activity, especially the activity of listening . . . is a species of cognition divorced from conation." The applause expresses also, if crudely, the judgment of the listeners, not a qualitative aesthetic judgment but the mere amount of pleasure; and also, therefore, attitudes like sympathy with an artist's handicap, approval of his courage, or sheer good-will for whatever reason. But the applause results, finally, from the fact that a sufficiently large number of persons are seated sufficiently close to one another for suggestion to intensify these common intellectual and emotional attitudes, together with the tendencies to physical action resulting from the attitudes; and in this connection Mr. Howes points out that an audience is split up ordinarily into smaller groups with different objects of interest creating cross-currents of feeling which are united only by something with universal appeal, so that the strength of the physical demonstration testifies mostly to the homogeneity of the audience.

Such phenomena as distinguished the Furtwaengler and Toscanini debuts are, then, accounted for: given a conductor, an orchestra, and a capacity audience all stimulated by the momentousness of the occasion, the orchestra prepared to do and the audience prepared to approve, and both keyed up to a high pitch of emotional excitement—given these conditions, one can expect performances more glamorous than orchestra or conductor would achieve ordinarily, and no less extraordinary physical demonstrations of approval by the audience.

B. H. HAGGIN

Books in Brief

The Inner World of Childhood. By Frances G. Wickes. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

This is a Freudian view of childhood, but far better sustained than other approaches which have been vitiated by the Freudian insistence upon sex. Mrs. Wickes as a disciple of Jung is interested in the rich imaginative expressions of the child's mind. This brings her into sympathetic relation with the considerable group of imaginative children who perhaps have more to tell us than the ordinary child, and likewise offer the troublesome problems of understanding and management. Following the lead of Jung, who makes the field of mind a difficult and perplexing exploration troubled by doubts and uncertainties of adjustment, Mrs. Wickes concentrates this point of view upon childhood. Her best chapter is on psychological types; for, obviously, the introverted type alone develops an inner world sufficiently rich for exploration. Yet this emphasis is quite in line with the modern view of primitive mentality, which sets forth that the world of the inner life parallels and offsets the coercion of the world of things and circumstance. We are coming to realize, as never before, the dominance of this reconstructed duality. Freud's original formulation in part holds. His "reality" principle opposed to the "pleasure" principle is part of the story. It is not so much pleasure as it is the total life of adjustment determined by emotion. The play of fear is of equal consequence with the play of pleasure; and guiding both is that creative and constructive process which at the early age gives rise to imaginary companions and imaginary worlds, and is now being utilized in the program of "creative youth." Mrs. Wickes has chosen well in recognizing here a distinctive field as yet but partly occupied. This inner world of childhood naturally blossoms in the family setting. At every stage it is a socialized world, which must recognize the complication of powers separating the wish from the fact. To bridge the gap arises the world of myth and fairy-tale, so closely related to that of dreams, and brings us back to Freud's parallel formulation of the two orders of thinking, dream thinking and fact thinking. Still another alternative is the rising and submerging of the thought-procedure above and below the levels of the conscious and subconscious. While many will feel that Mrs. Wickes has gone too far in her adherence to the Freudian lines of argument, they must admit that without this Freudian approach the inner world would have had a literary rather than a scientific interpretation. For those who are engaged in following the double unfoldment of the child, in the world of imagination and in the world of reality, this competent essay will prove a suggestive guide.

Menckeniana: A Schimpflexikon. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

What a sumptuous crop of enemies Mr. Mencken has! And with what Christian meekness—and Teutonic thrift—he suffers their taunts and slanders, their heavy insinuations about his race, his family tree, his Wassermann reaction, his morals, his patriotism, and his intelligence! Like Sherwood Anderson's mother he treasures every cabbage, no matter how odoriferous, that is flung at his door, and from the most succulent of them he has brewed a savory pottage and invites the public to come

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dip in its spoon. "Menckeniana" is an anthology of the bad-wordings with which Mr. Mencken has been greeted in these last ten years. All parts of the United States are represented in the collection, but the most eloquent and heartfelt seem to emanate from south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers and are ample evidence that the oratorical tradition of John Randolph of Roanoke and of Henry Clay still lives. The contributors include some names eminent in learning and letters, and several have sent their shots into the center of the target. The cleverest hit is the late Stuart Sherman's: "Mr. Mencken talks about truth as if she were his mistress, but he handles her like an iceman." There are others almost as good.

The Realm of Literature. By Henry W. Wells. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

An excellent work whose sobriety, honesty, and care will probably cause it to be overlooked by those in search of the seasonal violences of literary criticism. Professor Wells approaches the special problem of literature through the path of general aesthetics. Dissenting from the romantic Freudianism of Prescott's "The Poetic Mind" he manages to strike a nice balance by considering the artistic activity as an evolution from both the dreaming and the awakened mind. This conservative synthetic viewpoint is especially favorable to Professor Wells's interesting treatment of the various "phases of literature"—form, content, brevity, fulness, depth, motion, symbolism. His most striking and thoughtful remarks occur in the chapter dealing with the relations of literature to science. Unlike most aestheticians, Professor Wells has an amazing fund of erudition and a ready memory: two qualities which enable him to temper his theory with concrete and apt reference.

Two Forsyte Interludes. By John Galsworthy. Scribner's Sons. Fifty cents.

Two slight tales forming links between the last three novels of the Forsyte Saga. Neither a Silent Wooing, which connects "The White Monkey" with "The Silver Spoon," nor Passers By, which connects the latter novel with "Swan Song" (to be published this July), has anything of the melancholy exquisiteness which distinguished The Indian Summer of a Forsyte. The latter interludes, like the larger works which they serve to connect, are labored and anti-climactic.

The Way Things Are. By E. M. Delafield. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

A superficial but engaging English counterpart to "Main Street" in which Laura Temple Carol Kennicotts her way along to an almost-rebellion against country-home respectability, to discover at the end that "only by accepting her own limitations could she endure the limitations of her surroundings." Mrs. Delafield has written better books in her day, but one is willing to forgive a deal of frothy dialogue for the sake of the two priceless youngsters she has managed to create.

Georgian Stories. 1927. Edited by Arthur Waugh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

This annual collection of English stories indicates a saddening fact: that in proportion to the growth of the contributors' reputations their products are likely to appear more and more enfeebled. Both A. E. Coppard and Liam O'Flaherty, probably the two finest English writers of tales, disappoint badly. Ethel Colburn Mayne and G. B. Stern are practically unreadable. The rest write superior magazine stuff.

NOTE: The name of the author of "An American Soldier and Diplomat," reviewed in *The Nation* for December 21, 1927, was wrongly given as Elsie Porter Meade; it should have been Elsie Porter Mende. Also, the writer of the unsigned review of "Farm Income and Farm Life" in the issue of December 14, 1927, wishes it stated that the words "interesting functions" should have been "interacting functions."

Music
On the Way

PLAIN is the way being indicated by the American Opera Company. To take a stale and sentimental Gallicism like Gounod's "Faust" and freshen it to the point of enjoyment is art. To do this in English is even more—it is history. If this offshoot of the now defunct Rochester Opera Company had no more to its credit than the new settings by Robert Edmond Jones and the modern staging by Vladimir Rosing it would have justified its existence as a progressive operatic force. But it has more. It has a new and logical libretto made into good, singable English by Robert A. Simon, and sung with a clear, understandable diction by the members of the company. These members are uniformly young and inexperienced. In spite of their fresh, pretty voices and genuine acting talent, amateurishness sticks out from each and all. And yet the sum total was the most beautiful and moving performance of "Faust" seen and heard here in years. Not the least interesting thing about it was the intelligent expression on the faces of the audience instead of the usual patient incomprehension. And not the least startling to hear was the audience laughing at the jokes. This may not be the ultimate goal of opera, but it is the most practical one for making it universally popular. It may even be a way of making it profitable instead of dependent on the beneficence of the rich.

In the meantime Mr. Simon has remade other librettos and we have even better singers than these. Only the other day I sat at the dress rehearsal of Alfano's "Madonna Imperia." It was being sung in Italian—for the most part by a Brooklyn boy and a New York girl; and it was to be billed with a Russian opera to be sung in French by a cast in which four out

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of the five principals were Americans. Ten years ago one would have thrilled at such recognition of our singers. But then, ten years ago such recognition would have come singly and at intervals. Now that it *was* here in numbers, one was merely aware that we were using seven English-speaking artists to sing grand opera in Italian and French.

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We have been told rather forcibly of late that we need a new opera house. We do. But why stop at the building? We need new opera, too. We need it in the spirit of the modern theater, elastic and free from formulas. We need it also in the spirit of the musical world about us—all-embracing, intensely curious, and alive. And we need it as the American Opera Company is giving it to us—intelligible to eye, ear, and reason. To give it otherwise is to strangle it eventually with its own traditions. Let us have our Metropolitan, if only as a point of departure. But let us also have a house for opera in English that will be in consonance with our eclectic musical life. There is enough of a foreign population and cosmopolitan society to support the former, and enough musicians, one hopes, to do the same for the latter. And then there is always some Maecenas of the arts.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Actors to the Rescue

THEORETICALLY the sole duty of an actor is the interpretation of a text. If playwrights always knew exactly what they wanted to say and if they always knew, besides, just how it ought to be said, then the exploitation of a personality upon the stage would be as impertinent as the verbal "gagging" of a conceited comic and the best actor would be he who most nearly approached to Gordon Craig's ideal of the de-humanized but all-flexible marionette. Playwrights, however, do not always get even so far as having anything to say, and it is only by virtue of an illegitimate sort of acting that their works are rendered tolerable. Some man or woman with a charm, a pathos, or a greatness of his own supplies the deficiencies of the text out of his own humanity. He is himself alive enough to make an audience forget the deadness of the character he is supposed to be portraying and to fill with his own flesh and blood the void left by the author of a mere scenario. At his worst such an actor has only a small bag of tricks; at his best he can give us no more than a limited number of variants of himself; but in either event it is only to a very good play, to one very solid and complete in itself, that he is not an asset.

We all know by what delicate and carefully defined cooperation a perfect theatrical performance *should* be produced. At the top is the great and ideally articulate playwright. Just below him stands the director, gifted with the power of seizing the most subtle of that playwright's intentions. And below him are the actors, perfectly plastic—like clay in his hands or, more exactly, like puppets obedient to his fingers. The playwright has delivered the manuscript, the director has first meditated it in solitude and then experimented with his equipment. At last the great night comes. He pulls the strings; the puppets dance in perfect obedience to his will; and the thing which our author dreamed is bodied forth exactly as he dreamed it.

But this ideal is not, alas, very often realized, and it is at the top no less often than elsewhere that the defection begins. Our author has delivered himself of a monstrosity. It ambles along with the gait of a wind-broken horse and, likely enough, either the head or the heart has been entirely left out. The director, instead of meditating its perfections in long sessions of reverent thought, wonders what in heaven's name he can make out of such an abortion. Turning playwright himself, he, in consultation with the original author and his leading lady, performs various necessary surgical operations and grafts on a few select bits that have always helped in the past. Then finally, when he discovers that the chief character cannot be interpreted for the simple reason that there is nothing to interpret, he throws his hands in the air and, turning to the leading lady, he says: "Oh, for God's sake, just be yourself." This being, in general, the best thing which leading ladies do, she proceeds with a sigh of relief to do it, and the first-night audience (which has learned by this time not to expect too much) is presented with a thing of shreds and patches which, even at that, is probably better than it would have been if the actors and directors had undertaken to produce in the ideal way a work which is far from ideal. If the play is very dull but the actor a very interesting personality, he may help us to forget what he is called upon to say, and even at the very worst we are pleasantly aware that Miss Jones, the ingenue, is fetchingly gowned. Actors have been often blamed for getting in the way of the playwright's conception and I have sometimes blamed them myself, but one cannot very well interfere with intentions unless there are some visible intentions to interfere with.

Miss Pauline Lord is perhaps our finest exponent of what I have called (in a purely technical sense) "illegitimate" acting. She has a highly individual, vivid, interesting, and appealing personality; she always "exists" even when the role she is playing does not; and in "Salvation" (Empire Theater) she is once more clothing bare bones with the life which is her own. Only twice in her career has she had a play really worthy of her and though she has never, I think, ever got in between the audience and any conception of the author's more interesting than herself, there have been occasions when she and her role were engaged in a contest for supremacy from which she emerged victorious; but of "Salvation" it may at least be said that whatever its other defects it fits her perfectly. There is no conflict between the playwright and her, she is merely left to fill in what he left out, and she does it magnificently. Playing the role of an innocently sweet and childlike evangelist exploited by a calculating mother, a manager, and a press agent, she is alternately radiant and pathetic, exultant and crushed—now so much wiser and now so much simpler than those around her. They conquer her while, in a certain fashion, she conquers them, and Miss Lord succeeds in doing what few actresses could do—she makes her audience feel the charm and the magnetism which are supposed to hold a tabernacle hypnotized. The play itself is well enough as far as it goes, but it is to Miss Lord that the real credit for making it effective must be given.

The text leaves room for all the excellences she exhibits but it does not itself reveal them; it calls for a great woman but it leaves it to Miss Lord to convince us that that great woman is really there; and it is her triumph that she does just that. Without her "Salvation" would be only an ordinary play; with her it has moments of pathos and beauty Some mention should also be made of the excellent work of Osgood Perkins as the press agent.

Roland Young in "The Queen's Husband" (The Playhouse), a neat but insignificant comedy by Robert Emmet Sherwood which contains some satire on Marie of Rumania, makes his play as Miss Lord has made hers. Mr. Young plays perfectly in the role of mild, downtrodden, lovable husband, and such a role—perhaps intentionally—has been supplied him here.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Nicaragua's Constitution

COLONEL HENRY L. STIMSON, personal representative in Nicaragua of President Coolidge, in May, 1927, forced the opposing armies in Nicaragua, under threat of further compulsion by the United States marines, to lay down their arms and to accept North American supervision of the coming 1928 election. The form of supervision was not at that time settled, but Brigadier General Frank R. McCoy early in January, 1928, presented the text of an election law drafted in Washington, which would make the American chairman of the Electoral Commission a virtual dictator. This law was to suspend the election law of 1923, drawn up by H. W. Dodds, an expert sent to Nicaragua by the State Department at that time. On January 17, after prolonged debate, the Nicaraguan House of Representatives, dominated by members of the Conservative Party, of which President Diaz, maintained in power by Colonel Stimson and the marines, is a member, rejected the Washington draft. David Stadthagen, Speaker of the House, on January 22 issued a statement explaining this action:

The Speaker's Statement

It is not true, as certain news reports have given the American public to believe, that the Nicaraguan Congress has manifested hostility to the idea of American supervision of the elections in Nicaragua this year, or that the Nicaraguan Congress now seeks to defeat the purpose of the Diaz-Stimson-Moncada peace agreement of last May. This trilateral agreement among the representatives of the President of the United States, the Nicaraguan Government, and the commander of the Liberal revolutionary army in the field was, in so far as Nicaragua was concerned, subject to ratification by the Congress of Nicaragua. Nicaragua being neither an absolute despotism nor under a dictatorship, but a constitutional republic, President Diaz obviously could not bind the Nicaraguan Government without express authority from the National Congress.

The Nicaraguan Congress, however, has not disavowed any of the ad referendum engagements assumed by President Diaz, but merely exercised the very natural and constitutional right of interpreting and ratifying the agreement and of determining what shall be the legal manner of its execution.

The agreement was signed as a result of Colonel Stimson's peace ultimatum. President Diaz, on learning from Colonel Stimson that President Coolidge had decided to undertake the pacification of Nicaragua and the solution of its electoral problem, accepted the Stimson-Moncada conditions out of a sincere desire to win for his country the blessings of an early peace, which we all devoutly hope may soon dawn for Nicaragua.

With a view of carrying out one of these conditions which required American supervision of the elections of 1928, the State Department presented to the Nicaraguan Government, for prompt enactment by the Nicaraguan Congress, without modification, a draft of a transitory electoral law, suspending the existing electoral law and giving to an American appointed by the President of the United States powers which under the constitution of Nicaragua can only be exercised by Congress. The Nicaraguan Congress, upon due examination of this draft, found that it contained provisions clearly contrary to both the letter and spirit of the Nicaraguan constitution.

Certain Americans and some Nicaraguans have taken the position that while the State Department's electoral law might possibly be unconstitutional, it was a part of the Diaz-Stimson-Moncada bargain and should therefore be enacted regardless of the question of constitutionality, the familiar argument being invoked that the end justifies the means. A majority of the members of the House of Representatives, however, have taken a somewhat different view, feeling that their constitutional oath may not lightly be disregarded, that a violation of the constitution is not a necessary part of the agreement, and that it is wholly unnecessary to violate the constitution in order to achieve the real ends sought. They believe that the national legislature of Nicaragua can only lay a solid foundation for future peace and orderly government by insisting on an unswerving adherence to the constitution in electing the new Government. . . .

The constitutional questions involved do not admit of a satisfactory exposition in a very brief document. The important and pertinent provisions of the constitution are that Congress alone has power to regulate voting and to qualify and declare the election of the President and Vice-President, hence these powers cannot be constitutionally taken away from Congress and given to an American electoral supervisor.

The constitution is most explicit in stating that these powers of Congress may not be delegated and that any official act executed without constitutional authority is null and void.

These constitutional limitations, it may be added, are the rule rather than the exception in the constitutions of republics. After so much Nicaraguan and American blood has been shed in civil war and in war carried on by the American intervention forces against certain rebels, it would seem a travesty of legality and a solemn mockery of the principles of constitutional government which the United States Government has so insistently proclaimed throughout the course of these gloomy events, were the culmination of it all to be the holding by American supervisors of elections under a law which was contrary to the Nicaraguan constitution and the effects of which legally could only be null and void. The Nicaraguan Congress has drafted a bill which it believes will not be in conflict with the constitution of Nicaragua and which will at the same time permit of effective American supervision.

The issues are whether Nicaragua is to have its elections conducted constitutionally or not, and whether the Nicaraguan Congress is to be allowed to apply the constitution of its own country, or whether it is to be coerced to accept an interpretation with which a majority of its members profoundly disagree. We feel convinced that these issues must be settled in accordance with the dictates of justice, constitutionality, reason and fair play, and not force. We have faith in President Coolidge's Havana declarations and in the high principles that have always inspired the decisions of the United States Government, and hope to find a sound constitutional formula to legalize the contemplated American electoral supervision in a manner satisfactory to all the interested parties.

The State Department's Law

The text of the electoral law rejected by the Nicaraguan Congress follows. Portions held to violate the Nicaraguan constitution are printed in italics.

Article 1. In order to consummate the arrangement made between the Government of Nicaragua at its request, and the President of the United States whereby the latter will extend friendly assistance to the end that the election for the supreme authorities in the year 1928 may be free, fair, and impartial, the election law proclaimed on March 20, 1923, together with any laws or executive decrees which may subsequently have been passed or promulgated to amend or amplify said law, is hereby suspended during the period of said election. This act shall be known and may be cited as the Transitory Provisions Governing the Election of 1928. It shall take effect upon passage and shall continue in full force and effect until the said election of 1928 has been held and the results thereof proclaimed by Con-

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gress, and the electoral law of March 20, 1923, shall have no force or effect until said results have been proclaimed.

ART. 2. For the purpose of said election of 1928, a National Board of Elections is hereby constituted, to consist of three persons, appointed by the President of Nicaragua as follows: A chairman, to be appointed upon the nomination of the President of the United States, and two political members, to be appointed in like manner upon the nomination of the executive committees of the Conservative and Liberal parties respectively. The chairman of the board shall be a citizen of the United States. Two political alternates, one of whom shall be a member of the Conservative Party and one a member of the Liberal Party, shall be chosen in the same manner as the regular political members. If any political member be unable or fails to perform the duties of his office temporarily on account of absence or other incapacity, his place shall be filled by the alternate during the period of absence or incapacity of such regular member. The members of the National Board of Elections and the alternates shall take possession of their offices from the President of the Republic of Nicaragua. *The President of Nicaragua shall remove from office any political member of the National Board of Elections or alternate upon recommendation of the chairman of the board,* but no such removal shall be made without such recommendation. Any vacancy shall be filled as the original appointment.

ART. 3. The National Board of Elections as constituted herein shall have full and general power and authority to supervise said election and to prescribe the regulations having the *force of law* for the registration of voters and for the casting and *counting of their ballots* and for any other matters properly appertaining to the election.

ART. 4. A majority of the National Board of Elections, *one of whom shall be the chairman,* shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; provided that *the presence of the chairman alone* shall be deemed to constitute a quorum at an emergency meeting. An emergency meeting is one the holding of which is considered by the chairman to be indispensable to the accomplishment of a fair and free election and which has been so designated by him in formal announcement, under one clear day's notice, to the political members and suplentes. No action or resolution of the board shall be *valid unless concurred* in by the American chairman, and in case of a tie vote the chairman shall have power to cast a second and deciding vote. The chairman shall also *have power to declare any action or resolution,* which in his judgment is indispensable to the accomplishment of a fair and free election, *an emergency measure, and such measure shall come into full force and effect as an action or resolution of the National Board of Elections* twenty-four hours after its presentation at a formal meeting of said board as an emergency measure.

ART. 5. The National Board of Elections shall canvass the votes cast at the elections conducted under this Act, shall determine all questions and contests which may arise as to the validity and count of any such votes, and shall issue certificates of election to those lawfully elected to their respective offices. Such certificates shall be returnable to Congress, to which the National Board of Elections shall, in conformity with Article 83, clause 2, and Article 84, clause 2, of the constitution, transmit the report of the election in detail for certification and proclamation of the results of the election.

ART. 6. With respect to the said election of 1928, the National Board of Elections, *through its chairman,* is vested with the authority to command the services of the National Constabulary and to issue orders thereto for the purpose of preventing intimidation and fraud and of preserving law and order during the various acts of registration and voting.

ART. 7. The members of the National Board of Elections constituted under Section 2 of this Act shall hold office until the results of the election are proclaimed as provided in Section 4 thereof. Upon the taking possession of office by the members of the said National Board of Elections, the term of office of each and all persons serving as members of election boards and electoral councils under the law of March 20, 1923, shall cease. Upon the proclamation of the results of the election as provided in Section 5, the electoral law of March 20, 1923, shall be restored in full force and effect.

ART. 8. Upon the restoration of the electoral law of March 20, 1923, in full force and effect, as provided in the preceding section, the National Board of Elections and the several departmental boards of elections and electoral councils prescribed in said law shall forthwith be reconstituted in the manner provided by said law for the appointment of members of said boards and electoral councils respectively, and the basis for the selection of chairmen of the several departmental boards of election as prescribed in Section 22 of said law shall be the presidential election of 1928.

The respective terms of office of the members of all boards of election and electoral councils appointed in accordance with this section shall expire at the time they would have expired had such boards and councils been appointed to serve under the electoral law of March 20, 1923 in the election for the Supreme Authorities in the year 1928.

THE NICARAGUAN CONSTITUTION

The sections of the Nicaraguan constitution with which the McCoy law is said to conflict read as follows:

ART. 2. The sovereignty is one, inalienable, and imprescriptible, and resides essentially in the people, from whom the officials provided for by the constitution and laws derive their powers. Consequently, no compacts or treaties shall be concluded which are contrary to the independence and integrity of the nation, or which in any wise affect its sovereignty, except such as may look toward union with one or more republics of Central America.

ART. 3. Public officials shall have no other powers than those expressly conferred on them by law. All acts performed by them outside the law shall be void.

ART. 19. The following shall be rights of citizens: (1) Suffrage; (2) Holding public office; (3) Having and bearing arms, all in accordance with the law.

ART. 84. It shall be the duty of Congress: (2) To regulate the votes and judge and declare the election of President and Vice-President of the Republic, and to elect these officers in the cases provided by the constitution.

ART. 85. It shall be the duty of Congress when convened in separate sessions: (1) To enact, construe, revise, and repeal laws; . . . (7) To approve or disapprove the conduct of the Executive; . . . (8) To approve, amend, or abrogate treaties concluded with foreign nations; . . . (12) To determine the duties of the officials of the republic, and designate the territorial jurisdiction within which they are to act.

ART. 87. The powers of the legislative branch can not be delegated, except that of legislating in the departments of Public Works, Police, Charity, and Public Instruction, which may be delegated to the Executive during a recess of Congress; and the powers relating to the administration of the constitutional oath to officials whom it elects or declares elected.

ART. 114. The heads of departments must be citizens in the exercise of their right, natives of Nicaragua, laymen, and twenty-five years old.

All decrees, resolutions, and orders of the President must be authorized by the heads of the departments within their respective spheres.

ART. 134. All expenditures made outside the estimates shall be unlawful, and the official ordering payment and the employee making the payment shall be jointly responsible for the amount expended, without prejudice to whatever penalties may be incurred according to law.

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